

SWAGGER

EVERY *MAN'S* MAGAZINE

A blonde woman in a black and white striped bikini is posing against a palm tree on a beach. She is leaning back with her arms raised and one leg extended upwards, holding onto the trunk of the palm tree. The background shows a sandy beach and other palm trees under a clear sky.

JAN
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A HOUSE OF
ASSIGNATION

★
GOING TO FLORIDA?
READ . . .

WINTER
PLUNDERLAND

★
COMBATING

JUVENILE
DELINQUENCY
IN NAPLES

CHILDBIRTH
IN A TENEMENT
A PICTURE STORY

CONTRABAND
EXCLUSIVE
PICTURES
OF SMUGGLING
OVER SWISS
BORDER

"THE TUNIS DAGGER" A NEW WADE MILLER THRILLER

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Reducer**



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HANDLE AND APPLY



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LOSS OF TIME for INJURY

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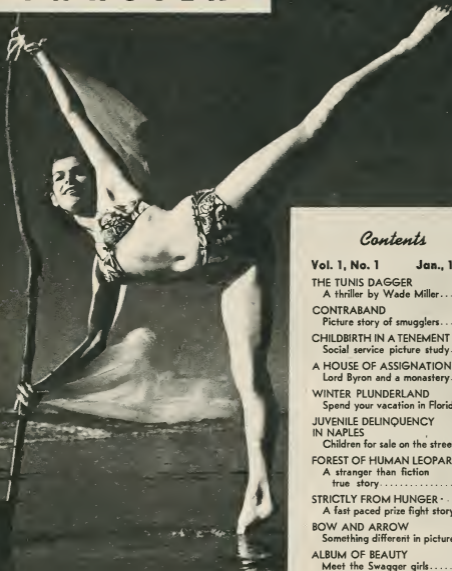
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SWAGGER



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Why put up with days... months... YEARS of discomfort, worry, and fear—if we provide you with the support you want and need? Learn NOW about this perfected truss-invention for most forms of reducible rupture. Surely you keenly desire... you eagerly CRAVE to enjoy most of life's activities and pleasures once again. To work... to play... to live... to love... with the haunting fear of Rupture lessened in your thoughts! Literally thousands of Rupture sufferers have entered this Kingdom of Paradise Regained... have worn our Appliance without the slightest inconvenience. Perhaps we can do as much for you. Some wise man said, "Nothing is impossible in this world"—and it is true, for where other trusses have failed is where we have had our greatest success in many cases! Even doctors—thousands of them—have ordered for themselves and their patients. Unless your case is absolutely hopeless do not despair. The coupon below brings our Free Rupture Book in plain envelope. Send the coupon now.

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Think of it! Here's a surprising yet simple-acting invention that helps Nature support the weakened muscles gently but securely, day and night. Thousands of grateful letters express heartfelt thanks for relief from pain and worry,—results beyond the expectations of the writers. What is this invention—how does it work? Will it help me? Get the complete, fascinating facts on the Brooks Air-Cushion Appliance—send now for free Rupture Book.

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Rich or poor—ANYONE can afford to buy this remarkable, LOW-PRICED rupture invention! But look out for imitations and counterfeits. The Genuine Brooks Air-Cushion Truss is never sold in stores or by agents. Your Brooks is made up after your order is received, to fit your particular case. You buy direct at the low "maker-to-user" price. The perfected Brooks is sanitary, lightweight, inconspicuous. Has no hard pads to gouge painfully into the flesh, no stiff, punishing springs, no metal girdle to rust or corrode. It is GUARANTEED to bring you heavenly comfort and security,—or it costs you NOTHING. The Air-Cushion works in its own unique way, softly, silently helping Nature support the weakened muscles. Learn what this marvelous invention may mean to you—send coupon quick!



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PROOF!

(In our files we have over 52,000 grateful letters like these)

THANKS FROM HAPPY FATHER

"I want to thank you very much for what your wonderful belt has done for my boy. He had a bad rupture. The very day we received the Appliance I put it on and that was the end of my troubles with his pain and crying. He has not worn it for about a year now."—Otto F. Blinn, 1509 N. Church, Belleville, Ill.

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"Words cannot express my feeling towards my Appliance. The minute I put it on, my first words were, 'It's Tops!' I hope another who suffers from such agony of a rupture could take my advice and get a Brooks Air-Cushion Appliance."—Jack Senner, Rt. 1, Box 54A, Lafayette, La.

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"I am very happy to say that the truss which I purchased from you a little over a year ago did everything you claimed it would do. My rupture does not come down even though I wear the truss only part time. I shall be glad to tell anyone afflicted as I was what your Appliance did for me."—J. G. Röllinger, 242 Arlington Ave., Sarasota, Fla.

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"I had this rupture seven years before I knew of your support, and was in the hospital at the time my son ordered the support for me. Until I started wearing your support I had not found anything to help me. Since wearing your support I can do all my work, and can forget that I am ruptured."—G. D. Russell, Box 105, Cherokee, Ala.

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City..... State.....

State whether for Man ☐ Woman ☐ or Child ☐

THE TUNIS DAGGER

by WADE MILLER

Fiction

THE TROUBLE began the night I looked at a dead man and thought only of emeralds. Although I had known the Sicilian less than an hour, he had no one else to mourn for him when he died. But all I could think of were the emeralds.

I thought about them for the six years after I returned to the States. Its difficult to put a hundred thousand dollars out of your mind. I nursed this idea of the emeralds until the inevitable happened; I went back to North Africa, back to the city of Tunis.

So I suppose I wrote my own ticket for what followed. The trouble was born in my own mind because I wanted the emeralds. When I did something about getting them, the trouble, which had been biding its time, came out in the open. It came out in the open one afternoon while I was fidgeting before the counter at the maritime bureau. I didn't recognize it immediately.

I had paid the bureau a visit every afternoon for two weeks trying to get my S. A. permit filled out, stamped and signed. This time the clerk insisted on reading the permit

although we both knew it by heart. He was a short dapper Frenchman who liked to show off his English. "Newport, James. American. Age twenty-nine. Residence San Diego, California, United States of America."

I reassured him that it was all true.
"Nature of business in Tunis." He looked dubious.
"Underwater photography. Tell me, m'sieu, about this."

The lie came easily by now, I had recited it so many times lately. "For the movies—the cinema. I'm a professional diver but I like to be my own boss. So I go down where I please with a movie camera. Hollywood's always anxious to buy backgrounds to dub in behind their studio tank shots."

All he said was "Ah!" but he made it sound profound. He chewed his lip, inspected my face for evil intentions and finally let me sign the permit three times. "This Specific Area Diving Permit is operative for five days only. Then you must reapply."

"It won't be necessary." I grinned for the first time in two weeks now that I had the permit safe in my wallet

Continued on page 64





The dotted line indicates the Italian-Swiss frontier cutting through mountains and lakes



The clock is on Swiss ground, flag—Italian. Daily, 62,000 persons pass this Custom Station

CONTRABAND

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF SMUGGLING OVER THE ITALIAN-SWISS BORDER

SMUGGLING, HAD always appeared to be an honorable occupation to people living near national frontiers. Seldom however, had it reached such extremes as existed at the Italo-Swiss frontier during the postwar years. The misery, that was prevalent throughout Italy as compared to the high standard of living in Switzerland was an important factor. Then too, the enormous difference in prices for merchandise and in value of money proved too big a temptation to the smuggling clan.

Besides the frontier people, where smuggling as a career was passed down from father to son, outsiders from the big cities, international adventurers, tried their hands at this so called business, which paid high profits. The situation became so serious after a while, that the Swiss government mobilized special troops to patrol the entire frontier. This must have proved quite a job when you stop to consider that the frontier between Italy and Switzerland covers over two hundred miles.

Thus started an almost constant battle between the soldiers and guards upholding the law and the smugglers. bent on breaking it, some out of greed, and some out of misery. Frontier guards were killed, and in their bitterness, the guards started to deal with smugglers in a harsher way than had been traditional in these mountain regions. Where in the past, they might have been apt to look the other way at some of the poor frontier people trying to make both ends meet, they started shooting first and asking questions afterwards.

Everything under the sun, whether food, drugs clothing and luxury items became an object of smuggling. Watches, coffee, tobacco, Penicillin and Insulin went from Switzerland to Italy. Silk cloth and felt hats, for which Italy had always been famous, nylon stockings and fascists found their way from Italy to Switzerland. Small Italian boys came to Swiss mountain people offering sweetend, condensed milk which originally had been sent



A Swiss custom officer carefully questions occupants and searches car arriving from Italy.

Italian frontier guards near a fence separating at this point Italy and Switzerland



The village of Chiasso is cut in two by the Italian-Swiss frontier, bisecting it

to Italy through the "Swiss Help for Italy".

Headquarters for many of the smugglers were in the small frontier town of Chiasso, which, with dwellings on both sides of the frontier, made it an ideal spot for such enterprise. The organizers, however, of the stream of supplies flowing in both directions worked from the big cities.

Though the activity is much slower now, only an economically balanced Europe will ever put an end to smuggling at all frontiers of that continent.



Traced line marks a hole on frontier where smugglers passed through clandestinely



Two Italian guards at Lake Lugana. The other side of lake is in Switzerland

At Lake Lugana, powerful searchlights are used at night by Italian custom guards





A motorboat of the Italian navy stops a suspect rowboat on Lake for interrogation



These two smugglers didn't expect to meet guards so far out in the brushwood



A Swiss frontier guard has surprised two smugglers and leads them off to guard house



These two smugglers didn't go far. Swiss frontier guard stopped them at the brush



False bottom in home-made wooden sandal was used to smuggle an expensive Swiss watch



Surprising two smugglers on the way to Switzerland with a load of contraband — Italian wine



Coffee costs three times more in Italy. Here, customs finds it hidden in home baked breads

Swiss customs with a haul: one thousand pair of nylon stockings among other things



No smuggler is without his bill-hook, to defend himself and to cut a path thru the brush



The photographer surprises two smugglers returning after a successful(?) trip — to their den



An Italian frontier guard covers a smuggler who sees no way of escape — up or down

SMUGGLER'S END:—This photo shows the body of Alessondo Sestan, Italian smuggler shot by Swiss frontier guards when he tried to escape





**CHILD LIFE
MADE SAFE
FOR SLUM
DWELLERS**

CHILDBIRTH in a TENEMENT

THE MATERNAL death rate in the United States is scandalously high.

Each year 12,750 or more mothers die in childbirth. But if all the nation's babies were born with as expert care as provided by the Chicago Maternity Center, only 2200 women would die.

In the six years since it was established as an independent unit, the Center has delivered 16,770 women in squalid tenements and drab cottages and 736 hospitals with only 15 obstetric deaths. There was one such death to every 1110 births. That was six times as good as the national average—one to every 175.

This record, which equals that of the richest and most spotless maternity hospital, was compiled chiefly on births in poverty-stricken homes attended by the Center's crews of interns and medical and nursing students, with expert obstetricians in charge and always present on difficult cases. Often deliveries of these cases are made amid scenes of appalling squalor, in tenements and hovels alive with vermin and reeking with filth, by gas and candle light and oil lamps.

As impressive as the record as a whole are its details. Only four of the Center's mothers have died from dread childbed fever, chief killer of baby-bearing women. That's 10 times as good as the national average. And 11,600 mothers have been delivered in succession without one death directly due to this infection, although it has been contributory to two deaths of other causes.

Similarly, the record for hemorrhage mortality is 10 times as good as the national. Only three of the Center's mothers have bled to death, and none has done so in the home for three years. Four of the Center's mothers have died of convulsions and two of kidney poisoning,—one toxemia death out of every 2800 births, although in the country as a whole one out of every 500 women bearing babies meets this agonizing end. Although one out of every 10 women, on the average, dies when the Caesarean operation is performed on them, only one of the 112 patients which the Center has sent to hospitals for this operation had died, from either pneumonia. And these marks weren't achieved at the sacrifice of babies' lives. The Center's live-baby record is twice as good as the national one. Neither does the Center try to hedge on its figures. It emphasizes that 13 other of its mothers died, although the deaths were of tuberculosis, heart disease and other non-obstetric causes and do not affect

comparison with the national rate.

The Children's Bureau asserts three-fourths of maternal deaths in the United States can be prevented. It found many due to lack of good care, both pre-natal and at delivery. Much has been done to encourage pre-natal care; but to provide competent service for every woman at childbirth is a far more difficult problem. Three-fourths of American births occur at home.

However, bright spots are appearing in the picture, as at Chicago Board of Health, which is analyzing causes of maternal death in the city, has been invaluable. The amazingly low maternal death rate of the Center has been accomplished through almost fanatical adherence to the 11 principles laid down by the founder and guiding spirit, Dr. Joseph B. DeLee.

1. One trained head is responsible for all work; supervision of the Center's expert obstetricians is ready for every childbirth.

Continued on page 18



Three things are closely watched in pre-natal care at the clinic. Here, the blood pressure of a Mexican woman is being taken



At home — newspapers to be used as bed and table covers are sterilized in the kitchen. Instruments are boiled in pans



Weight is watched carefully. An expectant mother may gain an average of 20 lbs. in 40 weeks. Too rapid gain is dangerous



A delivery with instruments is necessary in this case so the kitchen is turned into an operating room. Intern disinfecting hands



The bed is prepared. The home was clean but all this would have been prevented in a dirty home

The medical student takes pelvic measurements with calipers under instructions of director of Center





10:02 P.M. — A baby is born. The medical director of the Center reaches for the scissors to cut the umbilical cord



The baby, healthy and normal lies peacefully as the director ties the umbilical cord



Final precautions are taken—silver nitrate in the eyes as required by law to guard against blindness



A healthy seven pound girl! And she arrived with one-sixth the average chance of death to the mother

Continued from page 14

2. The patient, at home, is in an isolated unit, not exposed to foreign infections.

3. Scrupulous pre-natal care at clinics guards against convulsions and kidney poisoning.

4. The physician (an intern), a nurse and a medical student stay with the patient from the time labor starts until two hours after birth. By this watchful waiting, surprise complications and accidents may be avoided.

5. Strict precautions against hemorrhage are taken; bleeding is controlled by drug injection and the Cook County Hospital "blood bank" is used for transfusions.

6. Use of the drug pituitrin to induce labor and hasten childbirth is prohibited. Too often inexperienced use of it for this purpose causes overly violent contraction of the womb's muscles and locks the baby within the mother,

or ejects it so suddenly that a dangerous tear results, with fatal infection following. Penalty for such use of the drug is immediate discharge of the intern. Pituitrin is used solely after birth by the Center to contract the uterus and prevents hemorrhage.

7. Sane use of analgesic (a carefully modified "twilight sleep") relieves pain, but shuns such dosing that Labor is retarded and the patient becomes unruly. Only local anesthesia in normal deliveries. Ether, a general anesthetic is used in only 15 per cent of operative cases because it carries a danger of pneumonia to the mother and drugs the child. Local anesthetic is used with remarkable results in 85 per cent of operative cases.

8. Intensive aseptic technique. Only the region of the birth, the physician's gloved hands, the instruments, basins

and dressings are considered sterile. All else is regarded as contaminated and must not be touched by the physician. This differs from hospital technique, where an attempt is made to keep nearly everything in the room sterile. This broad technique may give a false sense of security and makes too large an area to guard for home obstetrics, the Center believes.

9. Sufficient personnel and equipment is available, and so are good hospitals for emergency cases.

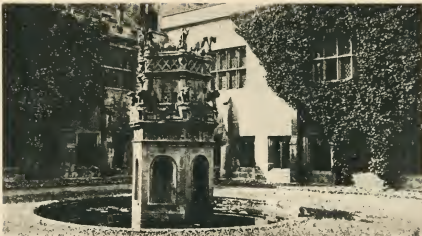
10. Only indicated operations are performed. Birth is normal and without instruments unless the welfare of mother and child demand them. Especially there is a low use of the sometimes deadly Caesarean.

11. Indirect rather than direct examination of the course of labor, to avoid infection of the birth passage.

A FOUNTAIN—A GIRL—and Paris sends this eyeful entry to SWAGGER



WHAT WOULD
YOU DO IF YOU
SUDDENLY
INHERITED A
MONASTERY



The courtyard of Newstead Abbey where a young man used to walk peacefully in the moonlight with his money lady loves



Newstead Abbey, as it appeared at the time a young man suddenly inherited the monastery from his father

By

JOHN HOWE

A HOUSE of ASSIGNATION

IF you woke up some day to find you had inherited the ruins of a twelfth-century monastery, partly remodelled into an elegant country house, what use could you find for it?

This question presented itself about a hundred and fifty years ago to a young man by the name of George Gordon. He found quite an original answer.

Though impossible to heat and rainous to maintain, his dilapidated monastery-unfinished-mansion was overstocked with spacious bedrooms discreetly separated by great distances, yet conveniently linked by long echoing galleries. In fact, no sultan ever owned a building more suitable for a harem.

And by all accounts young Mr. Gordon, who happened to be the sixth, the poetical Lord Byron, was a man able to appreciate such conveniences. Certain it is that his Newstead Abbey abetted him as efficiently in several of his innumerable love affairs as any venal nurse or corruptible duenna. It is a house full of character, and a character as unique as its master's. Not every house can claim the distinction of having played a part of its own in various torrid *affaires de cœur*.

Newstead Abbey is a squarish cluster of light-brown castellated stone buildings in the remnants of Sherwood Forest about ten miles from Nottingham, England. It has a right to its clerical name because it was built around 1170 by the black-robed Friars of St. Augustine (though

it was really a priory, not an abbey). One wall of the priory church still stands at Newstead's northwest corner.

The sprawling monastery got into Lord Byron's family because Henry VIII's first wife couldn't give him a son. Disgusted, Henry asked the Pope to annul his marriage, which the Pope declined to do. Whereupon Henry started his own religion, and began by confiscating all the monasteries in England and selling them to his nobles at bargain prices, thus raising some cash and insuring their conversion. A certain Sir John Byron, known as "Little Sir John With the Great Beard," bought Newstead Priory for 800 pounds in 1541.

When the future poet inherited the place in 1798 it was venerable but crumbling, and also haunted. The Byrons had tried to convert it into a country mansion and had got some of the bare stone halls floored and panelled, but most of the time its upkeep demanded a lot more money than they had left from their winning, wenching and other diversions. And apparently it lay under a curse bequeathed by the dispossessed Black Friars, since every now and then the ghost of one was glimpsed in the gloomy medieval corridors.

But George Gordon Byron was one of history's great lovers, who could easily have held his own with Casanova and Don Juan if only he had written memoirs instead of poetry. (Even as it is, his correspondence isn't too dis-

appointing.) When he pocketed his Cambridge diploma and took up residence at Newstead in the fall of 1808, he saw possibilities in the old Abbey not imagined by his predecessors lay and clerical.

He was twenty years old, with the good looks and slender figure (achieved by a violent system of diet and exercise) which were soon to set the hearts of a whole generation of women palpitating. He already had half a dozen love affairs and possibly a "natural" son—as they used to say in those days—to his credit. And his experienced eye saw at first glance that there was never a house so ideal for an assignation.

Newstead was built on the standard medieval ground-plan for monasteries and palaces: a hollow square with a quadrangular open court in the center. At Newstead the court was about 65 feet square, and the outer dimensions about 100 by 135 feet. There were two stories to the house, although the upper and main story, which was very high, was divided at the corners into two levels giving a sort of third story in certain places.

A covered walk or "cloister," whose roof was supported by a colonnade of Gothic arches, ran around the sides of the court at the basement level. Here the monks had walked reading their breviaries—but here also a young man might stroll in romantic seclusion with an

Continued on page 60



Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster, who found herself enamoured of the young man with the monastery

WINTER PLUNDER LAND...



An eagle's view of one of the lush swimming pools with deck chairs and tables taking cover from the gently swaying palm trees



One of the many night clubs where the sun-drenched visitors go to relax in the evening

IF ALL started back in 1513, when a guy named Ponce de Leon set out on what was known in those days as a "quest" for a tourist motel named "The Fountain Of Youth." This fabulous place, it was rumored throughout the West Indies, offered innerspring mattresses and all modern conveniences at only twenty dubloons per week.

Florida Historians still debate whether or not Ponce de Leon ever located the place. At all events, there's a colorful old Indian Legend to the effect that

there was already a "No Vacancy" sign up by October of 1511 and de Leon was wasting his time.

We next find Ponce de Leon coming back for more in 1521. This time he brought a large party of tourists with him and set up his own tourist court. However, de Leon managed to get into a wrangle with a couple of Seminoles who were high up in the Chamber of Commerce. Finding that a suit of good old Toledo steel lacked much of being ideal beach wear, de Leon and his guests moved their arrow-proof cabanas to Cuba.



No, this is not Hawaii. Just one of Florida's famed beauties basking in the sand on the beach

As if you didn't know. What else but the well known Hialeah race track at Miami Beach. Wanna bet?





The dog is delighted with his surroundings, what with plenty of water and palm trees

A balcany view of the gulf stream and lazy clouds drifting by in the sky

And there we lose sight of the romantic figure of Ponce de Leon, the eternal quester, beating the Cuban brush in the hope of finding "a good nickel cigar."

Hot on his heels, in 1528, another Spaniard by the name of de Narvaez with three hundred well-armed clients landed in the vicinity of Tampa Bay. But the elusive and tantalizing legend of the good nickel cigar proved to have been premature. So de Narvaez decided to open a night club called the City of Gold.

In his search for a suitable site he encountered a peculiar attitude on the part of local promoters. Each Indian tribe he approached suggested that the ideal site was in the territory of the next tribe to the North. This policy of boosting the grass in the next guy's yard, fortunately, was not long in practice among Florida communities. In fact, after passing the de Narvaez syndicate from hand to hand for eight years, at the end of which half a dozen survivors wound up in Mexico, even the patient Red Man wearied of the game.

In fact, so abruptly did the policy change that, although Florida contains millions of acres, there were buzzards in the state who'd never even learned to fly. They just walked from body to body. The deplorable squabble over St. Augustine is perhaps the most notorious example. For some centuries everybody who came to Florida felt they simply had to live in St. Augustine, or not at all. It became very, very *de rigueur mortis* to live in St. Augustine.

The French knocked off the Indians and the Spanish knocked off the French and the British knocked off the Spanish. And in between a lot of harmless social climbers, like the Maroons,





Water skiing is a hardy sport but here they make it more interesting playing "ring-a-rosy" with the trees



Cabana beach clubs with the palm trees leaning forward and backward (at the same time) to give shade

were wiped out. But there were a lot of socially prominent characters, like Sir Francis Drake, mixed up in the affair so naturally no one felt that he could afford to move to Palm Beach and get away from it all.

The result was that Florida historians, unfrocked New York newspapermen for the most part, point with pride to the fact that the state has been under no less than seven different flags. This fact is widely interpreted as the rude beginning of Florida's favorite industry and outdoor sport. The transfer of real estate titles is a particularly quaint and colorful native craft. Garbed in the traditional slack-suit, the realtors, as they are called, are still to be found playing their trade in every nook and cranny.

The pervasive and tantalizing aroma of Abstract of Title hovers reminiscently among the crowded streets of even so metropolitan a center as Miami. And much of the charming traditional architecture of the public and residential structures owe their form to the centuries-old custom of real estate transfer. The strictly classic arrangement of three real estate offices to each cluster, with a bar between each cluster of three offices, is not too common a sight these

days. But it is still possible to buy real estate with little more effort than is required to flag down the first native you see carrying a brief case.

At all events, the bloody boom of St. Augustine dwindled down to the point where Spain, which had developed a sound tourist agency while America and Britain called a halt on tourist activities until the unpleasantness of 1776 blew over, owned every decent resort in Floriada.

After it became apparent that there would still be some Americans and Britons alive, Spain issued the old siren song. The Florida pamphleteers were rescued from their brief oblivion and once more set to work. That fine old Castilian touch of the original Florida boosters is even yet apparent in the handiwork of the modern followers of this time-honored guild of craftsmen.

They began to woo restless American veterans, urging them to come to the Sunshine State and spend their days spinning yarns of Bunker Hill and Yorktown under the palms. Tracts of land, suitable for lamp-posts and imaginary boulevards with fancy-sounding Spanish names, were offered merely for the trouble of swearing allegiance to the king of Spain.

Thomas Jefferson, then just a cabinet minister, wrote President Washington: "I wish a hundred thousand of our inhabitants would accept the invitation. It may be the means of delivering to us peaceably what may otherwise cost a war." He even suggested making a complaint "of this seduction of our inhabitants" as a means of convincing the Spaniard that he had us worried and would continue in this folly of giving away perfectly good hamburger joint concessions.

Of course, this theory proved fallacious in practice. Otherwise Miami Beach would be a part of metropolitan New York; Fort Lauderdale would be a suburb of Detroit, and so on. In fact, wily old Thomas Jefferson could hardly foresee the dastardly cunning with which the Spaniards finally flung the whole mess in our lap reserving only a few likely chili-joint sites for themselves.

By 1819 Florida had run up a bill of five million dollars in damage claims which Americans had filed against Spain during the troublous "Republic of Florida" period. Unable, even then, to resist the temptation of taking over some other country's debts, the United States fell for the deal. And the Yankees have

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JUVENILE DELIQUENCY IN NAPLES



Police authorities calculate fifty-thousand children of both sexes infest the alleys of Naples — living by their wits

WHEN THE Allies entered Naples, they found the city in a state of chaos, hunger and filth. The resultant prostitution which did not spare even the youngest, was the inevitable tragic aftermath. In the present set of dramatic pictures, the photographer has registered some of the youthful victims of this scourge, which are presented herewith for the first time.

Naples today, is a model city, entirely free from this scourge that infested it several years back. Capable policing work both on the part of the Occupation authorities and the Italian police has cleaned up this situation entirely.

However, at the time these pictures were taken, it is safe to say that at least 50,000 children of both sexes infested the alleys of Naples, living

solely by their wits. One of the most lucrative sources of quick money they discovered was supplying useful information—at a price. As the money rolled in, they became a bit bolder openly supervising and bargaining for a price. Naturally, as in all rackets, there are those who step in to take over. And in this case, one of the most respected and feared, of the lot, was a youth who knew no other name than "The General". But in time—attempted organization by the "General" as it does to all racketeers proved disastrous.



A picture of total bitterness and desolation — this youngster sits at a cafe table dejected and defeated, a typical victim of war



No more than a boy himself — this youthful solicitor watches over his progenies like a mother hen watching her brood — anything but solicitous



This youthful belligerent is respectfully referred to as "The General" — a tough one too

Youthful solicitors being questioned by the Italian police upon their arraignment, arrogant and tight lipped



Two expectant mothers hide their faces from the camera upon their arraignment in court, what is their future?



Unfortunate is this five year old who must begin her childhood experiences behind bars, a lasting experience





BALLET AT DUSK—Yvonne Simms, interprets the setting sun



A Leopard-Man, pictured by the author in the prison of Gbangra — 63 were held there



Sorcerers, similar to this one doing a ritual dance are responsible for spreading Leopard cult

**A PAIR OF
METAL CLAWS
.....and
DEATH STALKS
THE JUNGLE
DWELLERS IN
THE STILL OF
THE NIGHT...**



This is Duche, the Alligator woman, also held at Gbangra prison camp

The FOREST of HUMAN LEOPARDS...

By EDMOND DEMAITRE

IF YOU EVER happen to find a native in possession of a hood made of leopard skin and sharp claws made of iron, take the thickest rope you can lay your hands on and let the fellow be hanged on the nearest tree."

"Is that an order?" I asked the French Colonial Administrator.

"No" he said. "It is advice . . . !"
I was about to leave for the interior of West Africa where I intended to study the dreaded secret societies which are spreading terror all along the West Coast, between Sierra Leone and Walvis Bay. I knew that my task was anything but easy. The natives are most reluctant to supply information on the activities of the secret societies, while the colonial administration usually give as little publicity as possible to the drastic measures by which they attempt to crush the various secret organizations, especially the Society of Human Leo-

pards. "Leopard murder" are two words which are never uttered other than in a whisper all along the West Coast of the dark continent.

According to the latest reports 196 people were murdered during the past few years by members of the Human Leopard Society who infest the Calabar province in Nigeria. There are no recent statistics available on the leopard-murders in Sierra Leone, and in Liberia, but reports from Africa suggest that the number of ritual murders perpetrated in the hinterland of the African forest has considerably increased during the past years. Although hundreds of natives have been executed during the past decades for committing leopard-murders, the problem of the Human Leopards remains acute as it was at the time when the first white settlers, administrators and mission-

aries arrived from Africa.

Night falls rapidly in Africa. A few minutes after the last glowing beams of the sun has vanished from the horizon the dusk descends almost imperceptibly on the forest. One can make but a couple of hundred steps and the twilight has already turned into darkest night.

The natives take great care to return to their village before nightfall. Those who were overtaken in the forest by the rapidly falling dusk start running on the narrow paths as if they were pursued by a multitude of evil spirits. "The man who stays in the forest after sunset" says a proverb of the Fouta Djallon "is a dead man . . ." In most cases he is.

The forest comes to life after sunset. After their long siesta the giant snakes emerge from their torpor, red buffaloes start crashing through the thick undergrowth and panthers with

big gleaming eyes set out on their nightly rambles. And in the small clearings amidst the giant sycamores the hooded Leopard Men start gathering to their bloody palavers.

There are usually six to ten men sitting around the smouldering fire. They all wear a hood of leopard skin which covers their face and half of their body. They don't carry arms but to their wrist they attach a strange contraption, imitating the form of leopard-claws. One of them wears a necklace made of leopard teeth; he is in charge of the fetiches which are to be used during the grisly ritual.

The palaver starts with strange incantations made by the medicine man wearing the magic necklace. At first his words are listened to in silence. But, suddenly, one of the men squatting near the fire emits a terrible, growling sound, somewhat similar to the rumble of an epileptic. Another

answers him, while a third and a fourth leap into the air, imitating the howling of the leopard. For a few minutes they keep on screaming grinding their teeth and leaping into the air. They roll on the ground in an insane frenzy while the medicine man places some magic herbs on the fire. As the smoke rises their ecstasy reaches its climax. In groups of two or three they leave the clearing. Crawling along the dark path they approach in dead silence the nearby villages or the isolated butts. They don't care whether it is a man, a woman or a child whom they find on their way. They hurl themselves on their victim either to kill him on the spot or to drag the unconscious body back to the clearing where the medicine man and the fetich are waiting for the human sacrifice.

The reports of the British Colonial Office on the trial of a group of natives in Sierra Leone as well as the dis-

patches published in the beginning of this year in the American press on the ritual murders in Nigeria, attributed exclusively to the Human Leopard Society the recent wave of "ju-ju killings" which seems to be sweeping all West Africa. The fact is however that besides the Human Leopard Society a great number of other secret societies such as the Human Alligator Society, the Human Snake Society and the Human Writ-Hog Society, are active on the West Coast.

While the paraphernalia used by the various secret societies is different, (according to the totem-animal which the society has chosen,) the basic idea which determines the activities of the often competing secret organizations is the same. It is rooted in the well known belief that in certain circumstances and with the help of magic any human being can temporarily take the shape of an animal. This belief was

rampant all over medieval Europe; its traces can still be found in the Balkans, especially in Rumania and in Greece. In France the last man to be accused of lycanthropy (which is the scientific term for describing man's faculty to turn into a beast) was a certain Jacques Rollet who was sentenced to death in 1598 by the tribunal of Conde. In Germany strange

ropean Werewolves or vampires had ever formed secret organizations similar to those which are still rampant in West Africa.

Even the most primitive natives living in the darkest hinterland of West Africa are well aware of the fact that to keep a leopard-hood and iron claws concealed under the mats or in the elephant grass means to risk death by

as practised by the members of the West African secret societies keeps on baffling anthropologists and psychiatrists who attempted to solve the weird mystery of the Human Leopards. Firstly they wanted to identify the psychological motives which prompt the natives into joining the various secret organizations. Is it cannibalism? Witchcraft? Psychological contamination? Secondly,

pondered while approaching Gbarnga, in the heart of the Kwepesi country, in the little-known hinterland of Liberia. I knew that the country was seething with secret societies and that the Human Leopards were particularly active in this region. But I also knew that it would be easier to make an elephant pass through the eye of a needle than to make a Liberian official admit that

out the truth about the Human Leopards had District Commissioner Harry Grey not fallen violently in love with a sweater which lay on top of one of my suitcases when he came to visit my camp in Gbarnga.

I have set up the camp a few hundred yards from the small houses which served as headquarters to the District Commissioner. From the very beginning

bunchback like the bell ringer of Notre Dame. It also had a ghastly color but District Commissioner Harry Grey seemed to have liked it.

Whenever he came to my camp to assure me that he had never heard of seen Human Leopards, I kept on displaying the horror of a sweater. After three or four days of this cat and mouse play I finally decided to show



A woman from the Kroposi country (Liberia), with scars left by the iron claws of the Leopard-Man



Oakete, the Leopard-Boy, who learned to live and attack with the Leopard-Men in the jungle



Nyang, the Snake-Man, another type of cult with a prison warden at Gbarnga prison camp



The Ju-Ju of a Liberian village, and the attending priests who perform the rituals

tales about the dreaded Werewolves were told and believed as late as the nineteenth century.

By pretending to assume the shape of a beast the lycanthropist expects to acquire such power and force as those possessed by the animal with which he identifies himself. From this point of view there is thus no difference between the Nigerian Human Leopard, the German Werewolf or the Rumanian vampire. In Africa, however, the lycanthropists always act in groups while there is no indication that Eu-

ropean Werewolves or vampires had ever formed secret organizations similar to those which are still rampant in West Africa. Even the most primitive natives living in the darkest hinterland of West Africa are well aware of the fact that to keep a leopard-hood and iron claws concealed under the mats or in the elephant grass means to risk death by

Two aspects of modern lycanthropy

they tried to find out whether during the cannibalistic orgies the Human Leopards actually believe that they have turned into beasts or whether they only resort to a strange symbolism in order to find an outlet for their murderous instincts. In other words; is the leopard-hood only an excuse for cold-blooded murder or do the members of the Leopard Society actually identify themselves with the beast at the moment when they hurl themselves on their defenseless victims?

These were the questions on which I

secret societies practising cannibalism do exist or have ever existed in the country. When in Dahomey I asked an official whether there were Human Leopards in the country, he said: "There are none in Dahomey. But there are plenty in Nigeria..." In Nigeria I was told; "There are none here. But there are plenty in Liberia..." In Liberia I was informed that there were no Leopard Men in the country but that hundreds of them were active in the neighbouring colony of Sierra Leone.

I would have probably never found

of our friendship I kept on speaking of Human Leopards, while the District Commissioner kept on gazing at my sweater.

This sweater was the foulest looking garment which has ever been presented to a man. I got it from my wife who thought that I would be needing something warm in West Africa. Besides being of the thickest wool, it suffered from all constitutional diseases a sweater can possibly suffer. When putting it on I seemed to have arms as long as a gorilla, a belly like Falstaff and a

my cards. "I would be prepared" I said to present this sweater to anybody who would put me in the presence of Human Leopards..." The District Commissioner reflected for a few minutes, then gave up. "There are sixty-three of them" he moaned "in the prison, a few hundred yards from here..."

I spent the following days in interviewing, cross-examining and taking anthropometrical measurements of the four women, two young boys and fifty-seven men who were waiting in the

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STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

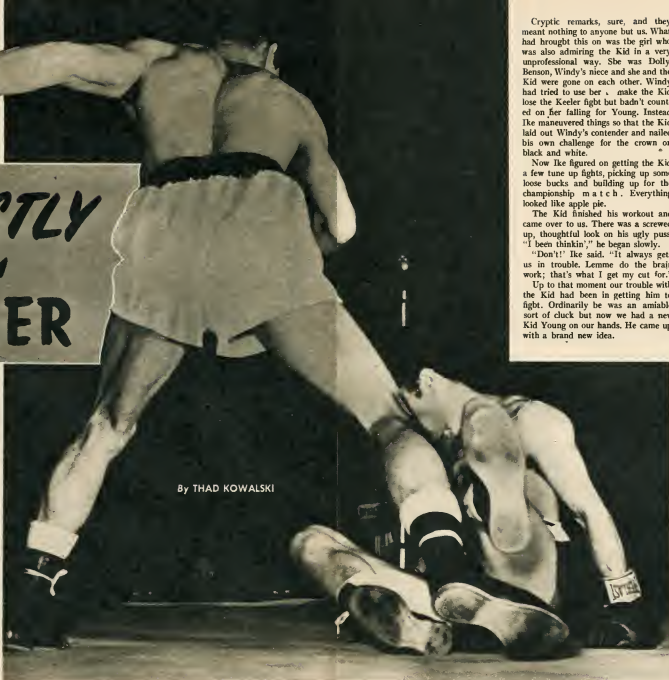
THERE IS nothing dull about the fight racket when you are associated with a pair of prize goobers like George "Kid" Young, the challenger for the middleweight title and his ebullient manager, Ike Walters. Being Ike's personal drummer puts me on 'the inside of everything that goes on—and sometimes in the middle.

It was about two weeks after the Kid had kayoed Al Keeler and been signed for a title match that we were in the gym on 48th St. The Kid was taking a light workout to keep in shape while Mushky Malone, his trainer, Ike and me stood around and watched.

"He sure looks good," Ike said, nodding approvingly at the Kid's slim, brown and muscular appearance.

There was a low "Yak-yak," beside us and Ike turned toward the crumby human being who had emitted it.

The object of Ike's scornful glance was Windy Edwards, Ike's mortal enemy in the fight racket and manager of Al Keeler. "He decked your man," Ike pointed out, "an 'nothin' you could finagle stopped him."



By THAD KOWALSKI

Cryptic remarks, sure, and they meant nothing to anyone but us. What had brought this on was the girl who was also admiring the Kid in a very unprofessional way. She was Dolly Benson, Windy's niece and she and the Kid were gone on each other. Windy had tried to use her to make the Kid lose the Keeler fight but hadn't counted on her falling for Young. Instead Ike maneuvered things so that the Kid laid out Windy's contender and nailed his own challenge for the crown on black and white.

Now Ike figured on getting the Kid a few tune up fights, picking up some loose bucks and building up for the championship match. Everything looked like apple pie.

The Kid finished his workout and came over to us. There was a screwed up, thoughtful look on his ugly pugs.

"I been thinkin'," he began slowly. "Don't!" Ike said. "It always gets us in trouble, Lemme do the brain work; that's what I get my cut for." Up to that moment our trouble with the Kid had been in getting him to fight. Ordinarily he was an amiable sort of cluck but now we had a new Kid Young on our hands. He came up with a brand new idea.

"I been thinkin'," he repeated. "I heard that Joe Louis went aroun' fightin' a man a month. The newspapers called it 'The Bum Of The Month' tour."

"We can't use that angle," I said. He faced Ike. "So why don't we go bim one better? You get me two fights a month!"

Ike almost swallowed his cigar. "Two fights a month!" he yelled. "Two Bums of the Month. You're nuts; you're not that good."

"It's a stupendous idea," Windy exclaimed, his moustache twitching delightedly. "Almost worthy of my own brain. It'll make you the greatest fighter in history."

"It'll make you a punch-drunk has-been," Ike said loudly.

I saw the Kid get that look in his eyes, a combination of mule and brick wall. "Two fights a month," he said. "I like the idea. You get 'em or I won't fight at all, not even the champ. Besides it'll only mean eight fights an' I won't have to waste time trainin'."

Ike waddled around in a circle before getting control of his blood pressure. "Listen, you ain't that good. You ain't had but fifteen fights all told but because we been careful you're near the top. What do you think happens if some lucky palooka lays one on your pimple and you kiss the canvas for the count? It happens to the best of them and you ain't the best yet by a long shot. There'll never be a title fight."

"I ain't afraid," the Kid said stoutly.

"No," Ike retorted, "you're too dumb to be afraid, but I ain't. What's the cause of all this sudden ambition?"

The Kid showed a slight embarrassment as he looked at Dolly and she moved closer to him. "Well, me an' Dolly will get married some day after she finishes that Columbia school an' I'm gonna have responsibilities so I got to make money while the makin' is good. I'm gonna be one of them there hungry fighters."

"You'll be strictly from hunger," Ike said. "You'll be like the pitcher that went to the well too often."

"I ain't a pitcher," the Kid pointed out. "I ain't never played baseball."

Sometimes it's pretty hard to tell whether the Kid is really dumb or just playing at it. At any rate Ike gave in temporarily, knowing from the past experience that he could do nothing but hide his time and hope. "And I hope," Ike told me confidentially, later, "that

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BOW and ARROW



We were very fortunate to be in Florida at the time that top New York photographer Muky took these shots. The model is Albie Gaye whose trick dancing ability helped greatly in effecting these

poses. Believe it or not, the two pictures were taken without any repeats and it was more than a lucky shot. As a matter of fact, Muky visualized the editorial effect when taking these pictures.



COVER GIRL

Albie Gaye, this month's cover girl, was born and raised in the windy city, Chicago. A very able and capable interpreter of the dance, Albie drifted into show business with a comic routine that is unique. She recently returned from a tour that carried her through West Indies, Bermuda, Cuba and back into Florida. Her ambition—dancing lead in a New York musical.



Album of Beauty



PAT ENGSTROM—Florida model, who is on tap in the sunny clime to start the season



BETTY SHEWMAN—a model with capabilities who loves to cook and can ride a mean horse



A SLOPING palm tree—a pretty girl—and Florida sunshine makes this tableau



JAMIE FORD—silhouette at the pier, forming more than a mirage

F U N F O R M E N

H O W T O D A N C E



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FOREST OF HUMAN LEOPARDS

Continued from page 33

prison of Gbarnga to be sent down to the coast for trial. I also took the first photographs which have ever been taken of so called Ju-Ju murderers.

All sixty-three people whom I found in the prison of Gbarnga were brought there a few days before my arrival as the result of a giant raid which had been carried out by the Liberian Frontier Force. The raid was ordered by the authorities of Monrovia who got alarmed by the increasing number of ritual murders occurring in the hinterland. The operation was still going on while I interrogated the Ju-Ju murderers. Three more men—their necks attached to a pole fastened to their back—were brought to Gbarnga by the LFF the day after I have started the cross-examination of the prisoners.

The first Leopard Man I interrogated was a nine year old boy, called Gokete. His mother had died when he was a baby. He lived with his father in a small hut in the leopard infested Giyo forest. According to five witnesses, all members of the Human Leopard Society, Gokete took active part in at least three leopard-murders. As far as District Commissioner Harry Grew knew, Gokete's father wasn't a member of any secret organization.

Gokete bore all sign of physical de-

generation but intellectually he seemed to be perfectly normal. When I asked him how he became a member of the Leopard Society, he first refused to answer, but when the District Commissioner—who acted as interpreter—insisted, he decided to relate his experiences.

"I met a leopard in the forest" said Gokete—who summoned me to follow him. We came to a hut where there were several leopards crawling around. I was given a leopard skin and a pair of claws which the others attached to my wrist. Then I was ordered to crawl into a dark hole which had two entrances. It took me quite a time to pass through the hole because I was very frightened. When reaching the exit I saw a woman lying in the clearing; she was covered with blood and a leopard was sitting on her chest. The other leopards came along and we tore the woman to pieces with our claws. Since that evening I turn into a leopard every night, but I have never killed anybody."

Another interesting case was that of Nyend, a thirty-three year old native of the Kwepesi country who was a member, and presumably the chief of the Human Snake Society.

"Since I was a child" he said "I

heard that man can turn into beast. A few months ago I met a Ju-Ju priest whom I asked whether he could introduce me into the Human Leopard Society. He looked at me, then said that I wasn't strong enough to be a leopard but that I could join the Snake Society. He said also that I looked like a snake and he gave me a star-shaped stone with a large hole in the middle. In this hole he put some medicine which I had to sniff when meeting the other Snake Men. On a certain night, which the Ju-Ju priest had indicated, I went in the forest where I met two men who had turned into snakes."

"How did you know that they were men and not real snakes?" I asked.

"They were real snakes but I knew that they would resume their human shape. They were both hanging on the same tree and they spoke to me. I sniffed the medicine in the stone and, suddenly I turned into a snake. One of the Snake Men asked me to go to the village and bring a woman or a man. I refused but the others insisted. Finally one of them left. A few hours later he returned, carrying one of my neighbors on his shoulders. It was then that I killed the man."

"How did you kill him?" I asked.

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"By rolling myself around his throat. At dawn I went back to my hut and slept until noon."

"Why did you kill the man? Did you hate him?"

"No, I killed him because snakes kill men."

"Did you turn into a snake since you are in prison?"

"I do it every night."

"Did you pay the Ju-Ju priest who gave you the stone?"

"Yes, I gave him an axe and a goat."

Lt. John Sawyer of the Liberian Frontier Force who arrested Nyend (whose real name was Niengbikniwee) told me that Nyend spent all his life in his village and never gave any trouble to the authorities.

During our conversation I noticed that Nyend seemed to be fascinated by the pencil which I was holding in my hand. It appeared that he didn't know what a pencil or paper were. I was the first white man he had ever seen.

Duchu, a fierce looking woman, accused of participating in several murders committed by the Human Alligator Society, knew what paper was but she couldn't tell her age. She was about twenty-five years old. According to her story she was never initiated as member of the Alligator Society.

"I was born into the Society" she said. "Every night when I fell asleep I turn into an alligator. Then I creep down to the river and meet other people who have turned into alligators. It happened to me once or twice that I

threw myself on people who were brought to the river but I never killed anybody."

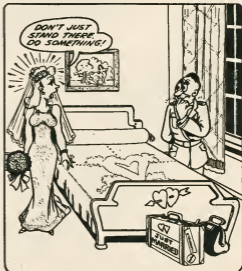
Duchu admitted to have taken part in cannibalistic orgies. Her eye and knee reflexes were weak but normal. So was her pulse. From the description of her fellow-prisoners I guessed that she had suffered epileptic fits. She was married but had never had any children.

Seven of the sixty-six men whom I interrogated in the prison of Bgaranga were Ju-Ju priests or sorcerers. Whether sorcerers or not, they all seemed to be firmly convinced that they had actually turned into leopards, snakes or alligators when perpetrating their appalling crimes. This belief of theirs could not be shaken by any logical or rationalistic argument. When I told them that they couldn't turn into beasts while being kept in prison, they shook their head, repeating: "Yes, we can . . . We always do . . . !"

Only a very small fraction of the lycanthropists whom I have interrogated (108 altogether) in Gharanga and later in the Mano country, bore signs of degeneration; very few suffered from nervous diseases; none of them could be described as utterly insane. Aside from the strange splitting of personality of which they suffered, they were typical men of the forest, neither more primitive, nor more cruel than the average inhabitant of the West African hinterland. They realized that they had done something for which they should

be punished, but they couldn't understand quite clearly why society had a grudge against them. After interviewing a particularly repulsive looking Leopold Man, he turned to the interpreter, addressing him in his native Mano. "What does he say?" I asked. "He wants to know" replied the interpreter "whether you have brought a present for him . . ."

Judging by the answers which the lycanthropists have given me regarding the motives which have prompted them to join the secret societies, it appears that the chief underlying motives were desire for power, avarice, vengeance, jealousy and the wish to identify themselves with a superhuman power as represented by the various beasts. They were super-sensitive people who became easy victims of the psychological infection spread by the sorcerers. Superstition, suggestion and auto-suggestion did the rest to bring about the most amazing form of split personality. From purely a psychological point of view the Human Leopards thus underwent the same process as the officers of the Nazi Elite Guard who after murdering scores of people in the afternoon, joined their family in the evening, looked at their stamp collections and played sentimental songs on the piano for their children. Examined in this light, the weird story of the Human Leopards deserves greater interest than that which is usually shown for more or less picturesque ethnographic oddities.



STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

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we come up against some bum who gives him a run for his money early so's he'll wake up."

The Kid had three fights and three hard knockouts to start his tour and it began to look as if we might carry it off. This was the state of affairs about ten-thirty on a Friday evening in the Detroit Olympia where he was fighting Red Overton, a local wonder, in the fourth match of the tour.

Our party sat at ringside while the ref gave the men their instruction. We had a good house and the only sand in the sugar was the presence of Windy Edwards with his trick moustache and foppish appearance camouflaging the black heart of a Machiavelli of the fight game. The other member was Dolly Benson whom the Kid had insisted should accompany us.

Up in the ring the fighters had shucked their robes. The lights were down except those above the ring and the bell sounded. Mushky gave the Kid a pat on the back and our fighter shuffled into the center of the ring. He looked good, trained to a fine hairline edge. He met the local boy and tossed

a left hook that glanced off the guy's shoulder.

"Ike," I nudged him, having seen something exceedingly disturbing. "We're in for trouble."

Ike rolled a dead cigar as he said. His expressive face was working. "I don't think so. This local palooka ain't got a thing. The only trouble we got," he added sourly, "is that damn Windy."

"That isn't it—" I began but Ike was full of his own gripes.

"Chaperone," he snorted, "why that gal needs him for a chaperone like I need him for a brother. The only reason he pulled that one on us was to make his comin' along legitimate so's he could pull off some more of his shenanigans. Maybe he figures on busting the Kid and Dolly up an' makin' the Kid feel so bad he won't fight," and Ike, with his eyes on our hatter, moved a shoulder convulsively in time with a punch that went wide of Red Overton's jaw.

I tried once more to attract his attention but unsuccessfully.

He continued; "Windy put that

Two Bums idea into the Kid's head too. It's just the kind of a thing he'd dream up."

In the ring the Kid was making a chump of himself. The round came to a relieved end. When the bell rang and the Kid moseyed back to his corner Dolly said, "What's the matter with George? He isn't fighting like he should."

"Who said he was a fighter?" Windy said smugly.

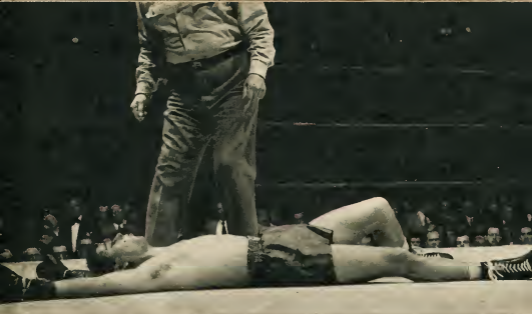
"Now, Uncle Eustace," his niece admonished him and Windy subsided. He's been quieter ever since it got out that his name was Eustace.

"I'll tell you what's the matter," I said hotly. "I haven't gone blind, and you'd better watch the next round, Ike. The Kid's gone stale. His timing is off and his footwork's gone, what little there ever was of it. He's got a hard fight ahead of him and he'll have to be lucky to win this one."

"Why should he be stale?" Dolly asked. She was a nice looking girl with brown eyes and hair and a swell figure

Continued on next page





but she wasn't as dumb as that remark made her sound. She just didn't know a hell of a lot about fighters.

"Because this is his fourth hard fight in less than two months," I said sadly. "Because he isn't Superman or a reasonable facsimile. He's just a young fighter on his way up and he's bitten off more than he can chew with this Two Bums tour. Sure, it's swell publicity but you don't win a title with it."

The bell rang for round two and I slumped into my chair and shut my trap. Now that I had brought it out in the open they would all notice it. Dolly looked worried as the Kid missed a punch; Ike riveted his protruding and slightly panicked peepers on the Kid. The only happy one was Windy Edwards. He was grinning. Why not? Although the Kid had beaten his man Windy might still be able to get the title match for Al Keeler if the Kid blew sky high like a leaky boiler under pressure.

We remained in dead silence through rounds three and four and five during which the Kid took about as much as he dished out. If I had been a judge and scoring the fight I'd have no qualms about giving the duke to Red Overton. The crowd was doing it. They had come out here expecting it to be a display of power on the part of the challenger. Instead they were be-

ing treated to the spectacle of a close match and by a fighter who ordinarily couldn't carry a hucket of water for the Kid, let alone fight him.

The noise mounted like a fat woman on a step ladder and as the fight came closer to the tenth frame it was like seas breaking on rocks in a high wind. At the final bell I was almost certain we had lost.

When the announcer picked up the slips and came to the mike the arena fell into a cemetery silence. He said very slowly and reluctantly, "The winnah—Kid Young!" and the crowd raised the roof like the cover on a tea kettle. I let out a deep hreath that I had been holding. Ike was pale faced. "That was too close," he said. "We better do somethin'," and we started for the dressing room behind the Kid and Mushky.

We beat Dolly and her Uncle Eustace by a short head. Ike locked the door and while the Kid stripped for a shower he gave him the fireworks. "You're stale," he barked like a seal. "Your feetworks off, your timin' ain't no better than a dollar watch and you couldn't hit a wooden Indian standin' in front of you."

"You been fightin' too often, Kid," Mushky said huskily. "You need a rest."

"Lemme cancel the rest of the tour."

Ike pleaded. "We ain't got nothin' to lose."

"No," the Kid said stubbornly. "I feel fine, maybe a little tired," he looked like the model for a Roman's dream of a prizefighter. He stepped into the shower and turned on the water. "I ain't stale," he yelled. "I guess maybe I ain't in good condition. What I need is more fights to get me in trim."

"He want more fights," Ike said dismally.

The Kid came out of the water and began dressing while we called him polite names and tried to convince him that a rest was what he needed, not fights. Finally we had to cease when the pounding on the door got too insistent. Mushky opened it at a nod from Ike and allowed a flustered Dolly to come in followed by Windy.

She made a line for the Kid. "George! We thought something had gone wrong."

He grinned sheepishly. "I won, didn't I?"

"You shoulda decked him," Ike fumed. "Two rounds or less for a cheese like that. What happens? He stays the limit."

"Which one was the cheese," Windy said meaningfully.

"Quiet, Eustace," Ike growled.

Before all this could develop into a rhuahrh the Kid had put on his coat.



"I gotta go. Me an' Dolly got time to catch a show yet. So long."

We broke up the clambake a few minutes later. Ike and I ditched Windy and went silently to our hotel room. I lay down on the bed for a smoke and watched Ike circle the room with an intense expression of concentration disfiguring his face.

Finally he stopped before me. "Tbis is a hell of a note," he said plaintively and I knew what he meant. Ordinarily a fighter does what a manager tells him

but not a temperamental duck like the Kid. He was always coming up with a scatter idea that had to be bumored just to keep him fighting. Ike loved the Kid like a son but the championship meant more to Ike than life. He and Windy had been feuding for years, each hoping to put the finishing touch over on the other by coming up with a champion and now, being so close, Ike didn't dare lose the Kid.

Having thought of all this in a second, I asked. "What are we going to

do about it?"

"What we need is some gimmick, some scheme to make him quit fighting until it's time to get in trainin' for the title go."

"Hit him with a baseball bat," I suggested.

"No," Ike rejected the idea with all seriousness showing how badly he was affected. "I might kill him or maybe hit him so hard he wouldn't be able to fight the champ."

"I can't think of a thing."

"Look, you know how crazy be used to be about dames. Always worried about his looks and wanting dames to make passes at him. Why couldn't we—"

"No," I said. "He's too wrapped up in Dolly now to see anything else in skirts. And his looks don't bother him any more; she likes him the way he is." I sat up and doused my cigarette. "You might as well give up, Ike. Anything we do will only make things worse. We'll get a raft of had publicity, the gate for the title match will be down to nothing and the Kid will probably end it all by getting his block knocked off."

"There must be some way," Ike insisted. "There's got to be."

"That's what Windy's bopng for. You don't think he's given up on getting Al Keeler a shot at the title?"

"I know he ain't. He's at the bottom of all this."

"Let's get some sleep," I suggested. "We got some hard days ahead of us."

We had about ten days before we had to show up at the scene of our next fight. Ike went around in a trance, sucking glumly on a dead cigar and trying to figure out a scheme whereby he could persuade the Kid to call off the tour and still save our fistic faces.

It didn't help his disposition any to have Windy underfoot all the time, ostensibly chaperoning his niece but really, as Ike insisted, rattling what brains he had trying to vex the Kid. Windy's conduct certainly upheld this belief. He went around like a melodrama heavy; he twirled his moustache.

"Too bad, all that heavy planning and sooner or later the Kid gets flattened," he said.

"Flattened!" Ike roared. "Who the hell is good enough to do that?"

"Oh, lots of guys," Windy claimed airily. "There's always one around somewhere better than the best. I got a bunch the Kid's going to run into him sooner or later."

"Like he'll run into a brick wall," Ike said.

"That can be arranged since he's not very bright," Windy said, departing, for Ike was winding up to throw one at him.

"Windy's got another scheme up his sleeve" to make the Kid a chump," I said thoughtfully.

"He can't do nothin'," Ike insisted, fretfully and not very convincingly. "What the hell can he do?"

"I don't know. But he tried something with Keeler, and the time before that and if he keeps trying long enough he's going to hit the jackpot one day."

Ike munched his cigar. "Joe, for the life of me I can't see what he can do— but just the same I'm scared. So close to the title an' maybe we don't win it."

We rolled into town four days before the fight, got the Kid down to the gym to make things look good and normal and let the newsmen have a look at him. "Nothin' but light work-outs an' no sparring," Ike told him. "I ain't givin' the papers a chance to see how bad you are."

"There's nothin' wrong with me," the Kid insisted.

"Nothin' having a brain couldn't cure," Ike said.

There was no further discussion about it since Young didn't particularly relish hard training. Workouts showed him in a good light and the sports writers went away feeling that his last fight was simply a fluke, the sort that comes along once in a while when a fighter has an off-night. What did worry us was Windy's slinking around like a big cat after a mouse. He wore a large grin and a wise look and the more we saw of him the less we liked the situation.

The break came the afternoon of the fight. It was about two o'clock and the whole entourage was down in the hotel dining room enjoying a meal when the local promoter blew in. He looked very sick.

"What's up, Harry?" Ike asked.

Harry dropped into a chair and gargled a bit of water. "This is terrible. You know what happens? That meat-head of a Bud Thomas the Kid is supposed to fight sprains his thumb this mornin'. It looks like a balloon. An' I got a sellout."

"That's bad," Ike said brightly, not giving a damn.

"What I come for was to ask you if it's all right to get a sub. I ain't sure I can get one but if I don't I'll have to refund. A fifteen grand house."

Emotions played tag all over Ike's face. He was thinking a canceled fight would get the Kid two extra weeks rest. He was also thinking of all the beautiful celery he would never get his hands on and that the Kid likely as not would come up with another hissing idea that would land us in the hot water again. Either way we lost.

"Certainly they won't fight a sub," Windy retorted unasked. "The Kid might get himself laid out like a rug."

"I'll fight anybody," the Kid said.

"And George will win too," Dolly said loyally. "I wish you wouldn't talk about him like that, Uncle Eustace. George is going to be the champion someday."

"I'm only repeating what his own manager thinks," Windy defended.

That settled it. Stung by the accusation and insinuation Ike said; "Go ahead. We'll fight your sub."

Harry left immediately. "This is going to be some big joke on you if he happens to get a good man," Windy said.

"Who can he get on such short notice? The local boys ain't good enough to muss the Kid's hair," Ike retorted.

The conversation lagged and a few minutes later Windy left the table. We watched his going with suspicion. I had a feeling that something for our discomfort was cooking in that weasel brain."

We found out what it was soon enough. Ike picked up a late edition of the paper a few hours before the fight and turned to the sports page. He howled like a curly wolf. "Joe, Joe! Take a gander. They can't do this to us."

I grabbed the paper. In a nice boxed story with pix we were informed that due to an unfortunate accident and a bit of luck on the part of the promoter the public was going to have the privilege of seeing Kid Young and Al Keeler in a return match that evening. The whole thing suddenly became clear as a glass of water.

"Call it off," Ike stormed. "They ain't gonna put this over on me. It's a swindle. Harry shoulda called me up before gettin' him."

I called him. The fine mixing band of Windy showed all too clearly. When I got Ike down to a slow simmer I said; "You can't call it off. It'll be bad publicity; you might get suspended for running out and the title bout canceled. Looks to me like Windy got to Harry and put one over on us and we can't do anything about it now with-

out cutting our own throats."

"That Windy," Ike groaned. "C'mon, I wanta see that rat."

His room was down the hall in our hotel and we walked in on him uninvited. He was sprawled in a chair with a tall glass beside him and a foot long cigarette holder sticking out of his mouth. "Ah, there," he greeted.

Ike shook a fat finger in his enemy's face. "You did this," he shoved the paper at Windy.

Windy gave it a glance and tossed it aside. "I was just doing all of you a favor. Harry couldn't find a sub and I knew you wouldn't want to call off the fight and give back all those dirty dollars so I cleared with the Commission and wired Al to hop a plane out here pronto. It's only a three hour ride."

"You had it fixed," Ike accused, outraged. "You prob'ly paid Bud Thomas to sprain his thumb so you could ring in Al Keeler. You've had him trainin' all this time just for this spot."

"A man has to protect his interests," Windy said. "Keeler is a better fighter than Young and ought to have the title match. Now go away and let me plan my strategy for tonight."

We left. The world had crashed around our ears. When we saw the Kid he didn't seem to mind but Dolly looked beat. She realized the seriousness of it. "I wish there was something I could do," she said. "I don't want George to lose."

"You're all right," Ike told her. "I guess they got us by the tail with a downhill pull."

We took off again for a hit of liquid solace. "If the Kid gets beat they'll cancel the contrac' for the title match and sign Al Keeler. An' that's what Windy wants."

"Sure, he's got us," I agreed. "The papers are calling this a return match and a grudge fight and we can't get out of it."

Ike shook his head sadly. "I gotta use my brains," he said.

The scene in the dressing room was as grim and stark as a Greek tragedy. I was nervous, Mushky frankly pessimistic and Ike as cool as a load of dry ice. He was always imperturbable when the worst was threatening to happen. "Well, Kid," he said gently, "this is the payoff. Your Two Bums of the Month tour brings us results. Tonight you get your block knocked off into the next country."

"I'll be all right," the Kid insisted

Continued on page 52

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doing a skip and throwing one at his shadow. "I'll murder him."

"Keeler is fresh an' you're stale. Windy's been primin' him for just such a spot. There ain't no question but when the fireworks is over Keeler will be fightin' the champ instead of you. Your only chance is to go out and score a kayo in one round."

Ike opened the door to a knock. A Western Union messenger shoved a wire at Ike who signed the book, pushed a buck into his mitt and slammed the door in the boy's face. He tore it open, read it and put it in his pocket.

"Can't something be done?" I asked.

"It's all finished. There ain't a thing more anyone can do." His voice was flat.

The usher stuck his nose in and told us we were on. We started for the arena. It was packed to the girders. They were hanging by their teeth to see this one. A while back Al Keeler had been a contender for the crown until he met the Kid and got himself knocked out. Now it was a return match, even if accidental, and he could regain his lost prestige with a win. It was just the sort of situation that always drew a crowd. They all remembered that until the fatal fourth round Keeler had been ahead.

Ike and I sat down while the Kid climbed in and Mushky worked over him. In the opposite corner sat Al Keeler, big and in the pink of condition. There was confidence exuding from him like sap from a tree.

"We've got one chance," I said. "If the Kid finally realizes the spot he's in he may put everything into one round and hope for a kayo."

"He won't," Ike said coolly. "He don't believe anything we tell him."

"What was that wire you got?" I asked just to get off the impending tragedy.

"From a dame."

"Dames at your age?"

"For the Kid, I'll give it to him later."

I breathed. If Ike didn't want to give the Kid a telegram before the fight it could only mean that he thought we had a chance and didn't want to upset our man. But I couldn't see what he could pull out of his hat this time to turn disaster into victory.

The lights went down over the house and a thin haze of smoke curled around the ring lights as the bell sounded for round one.

From the first punch it was appar-

ent that the Kid didn't have it. He was tired and lackadaisical and Keeler went around him like a man on a pogo stick, throwing lefts and rights that shook up our boy. Young threw a few that got noplacé because his timing was so awful. The crowd was on its feet yelling boarsely for a quick kayo and across the ring Windy Edwards was enjoying himself.

The Kid let go a stiff left that somehow caught Keeler and staggered him giving our boy a chance to catch his breath. They went round and round again with the Kid intent on keeping out of the way and throwing a wild right or left every once in a while which Keeler rode with or ducked. It was a pleasure to hear the gong sound for the end of the round. The Kid came back to his corner and the frantic ministrations of Mushky Malone.

Ike went up into the ring in time to catch a question from the Kid who had searched the ringside intently. "Where's Dolly? Why ain't she here tonight?"

"Dolly" Ike said. "Oh, yeah. She sent you a wire." He handed it to the Kid. Young spelled out the words to himself, turned pink, purple and green and tried to stand up but Ike shoved him down. "You'll have to finish the fight first," he said just as the ten second buzzer sounded. By the time he scrambled back to his seat the gong had sounded for round two.

"What was in that wire?" I asked.

"Have a look."

I did. It said; Darling, I can't stand to see you lose nor become a blood-thirsty savage intent on fighting all the time so I am going home on the 10:15. Goodbye. Dolly.

"Some more of Windy's work," I said. "He's been trying to bust them up and now he's done it."

But Ike wasn't listening. A roar from the crowd caused me to look up in the ring. I jumped a foot. Windy was looking sick, Al Keeler sicker. The Kid had dug out a reserve store of angry and scared energy and was going at Keeler. I realized why. It was 9:45 by the big clock on the wall. If he could end it quick he could get to the station in time to nab the 10:15 and Dolly.

I settled back almost happy. The Kid was bouncing Al Keeler from corner to corner, off the ropes and the canvas. No science, no footwork, no timing, just the sheer strength of desperation. He let go a terrific right a few seconds before the bell that found its mark and floored Al like a dog. The

bell rang and the Kid, spent and weary, tottered to his corner while Keeler was dragged to his.

We spent the next sixty seconds dying. The mob observed the drama with relish. Everybody knew the Kid had shot his last bolt. If Keeler answered the bell the fight was his. They worked over him.

He shook his head and got to his feet at the buzzer, then, as the bell sounded, he stepped forward. We kissed everything good-bye, but Al's eyes glazed and he fell flat on his face. It was over.

Before we had a chance to do anything the Kid was flying to his dressing room. Ten minutes later when we got there he was already gone.

"He'll be all right," Ike said. "We might as well go back to the hotel, pack up and take the next train for New York."

"What about the rest of the tour?"

"That's off," Ike said with satisfaction. "The Kid ain't fightin' nobody between now and the championship bout. He'll be too busy tryin' to catch

up with Dolly."

"What about all that?" I said. "One minute we were lost and the next everything's fine. Why don't I get told what's going on?"

Ike puffed a cloud of smoke from his live cigar. "There wasn't time. It come over me sudden-like. What's the only thing that can make the Kid forget all his foolish ideas and everything? Dolly. So I went to her and explained the situation."

I blew a fuse. Ike's habit of slurring over details makes me want to chew carpets. "Explained what?"

"I told her if the Kid kept on fightin' like he talked about he'd become a stumblebum. So I said, you want him to be champ you got to help, I says, why don't you pretend to bust up with him so he'll forget about this tour an' concentrate on gettin' you back? I wrote out that wire for her and pulled it on the Kid at the psychological moment."

"How could you be sure it would work? And what happens when the Kid finds out it was a put up job?"

"It had to work," he explained patiently. "It was the only way to scare him into fighting hard. By the time he finds out he's been tricked it'll be too late and he'll be too happy about gettin' Dolly back to do anything about it."

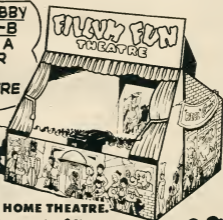
"I don't get it," I said. "I don't get it. What happens when he catches up with her at the station. He had plenty of time."

"There ain't no 10:15," Ike said. "She left on an earlier train. An' he ain't gonna catch up with her, not until just before he goes into trainin' for the title fight. Dolly seen my point. She's gonna be moving aroun' so fast he won't catch up with her until she winds up her little trip in training camp."

I observed Ike admiringly. So many times he had turned the rainstorm into a rainbow, but how long could he keep it up? And was it luck or was he a genius? I didn't know.

He didn't say. He simply rolled a thick, black cigar in his lips and chuckled.

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WINTER PLUNDERLAND

Continued from page 25

been paying off this obligation to the Florida natives ever since. Each year, amid picturesque pageantry, an event takes place known as "The Florida Season", during which millions of celebrants troupe gaily Southward and symbolically pay off this debt with interest for a hundred and twenty years, compounded semi-annually.

Presumably while U. S. Highway Number 1 was in the works at Washington, the Surveyor-General, George Clark, made a junket to Florida. As he slipped his expense-account through the wicket at the Treasury, he muttered, "The St. Mary's River has long been a jumping-off place of a large portion of bad characters who gradually drift southwardly; warm climates are congenial to bad habits."

That historic utterance may have seemed like a feeble excuse to the Secretary of the Treasury; but it certainly answered the question of whether or not it was going to be worthwhile to build U. S. Highway Number 1. That was in 1821; but it was many weary years before the prophetic vision of George Clark was embodied in actual concrete and a congenial climate made possible for the bad habits which had been festering under uncongenial conditions in Boston and elsewhere.

But the turn of the 19th Century was a prophetic time. In 1810 a torch was first held aloft at New Orleans. A torch which has since been carried farther westward by intrepid young men in their search for the freedom to believe as they chose about fortune-tellers, yogis, and sealed booklets that sold for a quarter. In that year, Governor W.C. Clairborne wrote of Florida, "My impression is that a more heterogeneous mass of good and evil was never before gathered in the same extent of territory."

These were spacious and gracious times; and the competition has since become much less generous and willing to concede a point here and there. History does not state how many seasons Governor Clairborne spent in Florida; but he was plainly a man who gathered impressions built to last. That stately old impression still stands today. Indeed from this point we fondly take leave of Florida history, since we no longer have a need of it. Clairborne spoiled the whole story by telling how it came out, anyhow.

Along about this time Florida began to fill up with "crackers". But the development of the cracker cannot properly be considered Florida History since today's crackers are just like the originals. The cracker, with his inferior predatory instinct, is not to be confused with other natives gifted with a greater awareness of the opportunities with which this sunny land abounds.

This later group, whom we shall call super-crackers, look just like anybody else. The true cracker is like nothing else on earth, unless it is the Georgia cracker. The real crackers seem to stick pretty close to the northern part of the state, and spend most of their time horsing around in the swamps and turpentine forests and otherwise cutting capers for the case-books of the droves of social workers who come down to write them up. Naturally, these social workers aren't in the heavy dough; so, by virtue of an unwritten law, they are more or less reserved for the crackers.

About the only super-crackers operating in the upper section of the state are the cattle kings. These local gentry have developed an inedible breed of beef cattle for highway processing. There are more of these cows in Florida than there are of the hamburger kind in Wyoming. Before the war there were over a million and a half cows in Florida. But cattle experts anticipate a post-war expansion of this number as soon as highway construction is resumed on a large scale.

Some of the bigger operators maintain herds of over ten thousand cows and often require as much as fifty or sixty miles of high-grade highways for the strategic disposition of their herd. These animals are runty, scrawny and unappetizing-looking creatures. But they serve their purpose admirably; and even calves of the breed are more than a match for the lighter Buicks.

The influx of Black Market millionaires during the post-war season and the consequent increase in the numbers of Cadillacs and heavier imported cars on Florida highways has led to frantic efforts to improve the harder stock. However, it's amazing how many cows manage to hag two or more cars. It is rumored that one progressive breeder has developed a blue-ribbon four-car cow; and judges at Florida cattle shows scrutinize the entries for fender-welts

Continued on page 56

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Continued from page 56
months' that pilgrims from the Southern States invade Florida at bargain rates and the word "damnyankee" is flung about in comradely abandon.

Much of the Florida Confederacy, however, is of very recent allegiance and the recruiting goes on through the summer. It is considered conduct unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman to linger in Florida beyond the first of June without swearing fealty to the cause of Jeff Davis. It is interesting to speculate as to the outcome of General Sherman's march had it continued on across the border and down as far as Key West. His poor impression of war, gleaned almost solely in the State of Georgia, might then have led to some really pungent advice to future selectees.

But whether swathed in the julep-and-crinoline aura of the unreconstructed South or the tropical verve of the Spanish-American, or any other of the other advertised brands of local color, the Floridian remains on the whole reminiscent of Main Street merchandising. Even the intransigent Seminole seems to be developing the punch and sharp features of the displaced persons who have brought the cultures of Detroit and Cleveland to the race-tracks and beaches of Florida.

However, all the intense trading in sites for abandoning lamp posts and pink concrete curbing, as well as the subsidiary traffic in quaint objects made of seashells, are merely by-products of the principal activities of the tropic retreat. These principal occupations are concerned with complex biological researches feverishly conducted between beach and bar. The precise nature of these activities is very difficult to define and the best efforts of even the most eloquent of those engaged in them frequently degenerate into a low and primitive whisle.

By common consent, apparently, this work has been divided between male and female and is conducted to two distinctly established patterns. During the day there is general exposure on the beaches. It would appear, however, that the masculine objective in this bodily exposure is to permit the free escape of animal heat rather than to attract attention. Within a very limited range of costume variations the females are garbed to attract attention.

This attention is directed at them, by day, through dark glasses; and, by night, through an alcoholic haze. There is considerable debate among the males as to whether the females look better through dark glasses without their clothes or through spirituous mists with

their clothes on. Beach commercial interests connive to keep this point in a lively and active state of moot. There is also considerable speculation as to the possibility of Florida coastal waters being infested by sharks. And each season a number of hardy sceptics essay the question by actually swimming around in the water, although this scientific spirit is by no means widespread.

For the most part, beach activity consists in lounging around in the sand or wading out between the groynes, which are long strings of log pilings stretching out into the water to keep the sand from shifting away from places where it is valuable real estate to places where the tax-rolls would be forced to consider it public beach.

This vital function is memorialized in the frequent notices: "Danger! Keep Away From Groynes". To what degree the warning is seriously intended by municipal authorities and also to what degree it is seriously heeded is the subject of much beach chit-chat. Some say the spirit of the caution is purely ironic. Others maintain that it is simply reverse-English advertising.

However that may be, as soon as the sun begins to sink the dark glasses are discarded. When even that does no good and the female form continues to blend with the shadows, Florida night life begins. The females don garments which do not imperil the Caesarian section and enter upon the most difficult phase of their day. They now embark upon a strenuous competition to see who can get the most drinks bought for whom and by whom. The sharp undercurrents of this feminine conflict seems to pass unheeded by the males who prowl up and down the bar seeking compatriots from Brooklyn or Cincinnati. While the blind urge to unite of the elders of the various municipal herds is thus rampant in the early stages of the evening, the females engage in pump-priming by huying the preliminary rounds for themselves. Soon, however, the fog creeps up over the level of the bar-stools and the males are able to recognize the females even with their clothes on.

And so it goes. What's the point? Just Florida's biggest industry, that's all. Of course, these things are done much better among the tribes of the South Seas. But, after all, Florida isn't that far South. It's pretty much the old flim-flam that Schopenhauer called "the quintessence of all the windmills of this noble world" and it goes on all the time and everywhere. But in Florida it attains the status of a full-time occupation and perhaps indicates that at the

present cultural level very few Americans are equipped to dedicate their whole day to it with any degree of aplomb.

For those with important problems on their minds, of course, Florida provides golf courses where the traditional industrial axis of any four manufacturers can get together to consider the dangerous iniquities of the working classes and continue the animated daydream in which little white balls on wooden pegs assume the proportions of a union leader's head impertinently perched atop a white collar. This rather stodgy area of activity has many allied lines and is simply a continuation of Northern activities of the same kind.

The spirit of open camaraderie is characteristic of Florida. Life during the season is a gay democracy in which people with the same amount of money fraternize freely, and people with different amounts of money but of different sexes do likewise. There are, however, places like Palm Beach in which caste and protocol are everything. Palm Beach is sort of an exclusive UNRA-UCO for European blue-bloods who hadn't enough money to buy a share in Hitler. But Palm Beach hospitality enables them to live just as well as those who did.

Yes, Florida is full of a number of things, not the least of which is the Yankee dollar. And as the hairy behe-moths of the Northern market-places lumber Southward, bringing their native parasites with them for a sojourn in the sun, the out-stretched native palms beckon along the boulevards.

But of all the victims of the complex swindle and counter-swindle that is life among the *homo sapiens* these are the most blissfully deluded. No doubt even Ponce de Leon, who lost his iron shirt on the Florida beach back in 1513, held his nose and swigged that Florida sulphur water and went home to spend the rest of his life swearing up and down old Castile that it was growing pains, not rheumatism, that kept him all bent over that way.

However, I'm here to cast doubt on the growing legend of the effect that the crews of Nazi U-boats sank all those ships off the coast of Florida out of pure pettishness because heedless tankers persisted in wandering between the periscopes and the beaches.

I don't believe half the stuff I read in seed-catalogues, either. All I know is that they didn't land any Nazi spies on the Florida Beach with a suit-case full of money. They dumped them out on the Long Island shore. Poor devils.

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A HOUSE OF ASSIGNATION

Continued from page 21

arm about a slender waist, admiring the flowers on the courtyard lawn. If one stepped through the weather-beaten arches which opened from the cloister walk, he would find himself in large, damp basement halls containing the stone tombs of remote ancestors—surroundings in which one's companion might well snuggle closer as she heard the story of the Black Friar.

On the main level, above the cloisters ran four long galleries, each over sixty feet from end to end, connecting with each other and linking up all the rooms in the mansion. Off the west gallery opened the entrance hall, which was probably little altered since the twelfth century. The east side was occupied by a huge parlor, one of the few furnished rooms, which had been fitted up with a good deal of splendor even to a breath-taking blue-and-gold Venetian ceiling. The south side had been the monks' dormitory, and had been broken up into four huge bedrooms, each named after a king who was supposed to have slept there. And the north side offered a musty library overlooking the ruins of the priory church and churchyard, with Sherwood Forest beyond. Where could a lover find more romantic scenes in which to woo a lady? And since George was an only child and an orphan, he had the house to himself—with an ideal rendezvous at every point of the compass.

Refusing, therefore, to sell the tottering relic, His Lordship announced that although he was financially unable to restore Newstead extensively, he would fit it up sufficiently to provide a home for his widowed mother. Then, while recruiting a staff of servants, he saw to it that his mother rarely got near the place. The villagers in nearby Hucknall, Linby, and Bulwell began to remark that if a girl in that countryside was uncommonly good-looking or luscious of figure, she somehow wound up as a domestic at Newstead Abbey. There is some ground for suspicion that nobody on the estate except the butler was over thirty, and that about ninety-seven per cent of the staff was female. Byron called his pretty servant-maids his "makers and unmakers of beds," and latter addressed Newstead in verse with unrepentant complacency:
Monastic dome! Condemned to uses vile!

Where Superstition once had made her den,

Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile.

The master's rooms, in which the Paphian lasses must have done a good deal of their singing and smiling and so on, are a suite of three at the top of the house in the northwest corner. They have been kept as nearly as possible the way Byron left them. You ascend by a narrow stone staircase from the gallery above the cloisters and emerge first in the dressing-room, which is papered in green. Being very small this room could by a supreme effort be heated—after a fashion—which is probably why Byron used it for putting on his clothes.

From it two doors open. That on the left takes you into Byron's bedroom, where the dominant object is a huge four-poster bed with rich canopy and hangings, which had seen service in Byron's rooms in Cambridge. The bed almost fills the room (appropriately, perhaps) but there are also a sort of ladder for climbing into the bed, an extra bed at the foot of the big one (probably for the valet), a bureau with a surprising variety of pitchers and basins, and a writing-desk in the window overlooking the drive and the upper end of the nearby lake.

A door beside the catacorner fireplace at the foot of the bed opens into the third room, whose other door connects with the dressing-room. This third room was the Prior's Oratory, favorite haunt of the Black Friar, and it was left untouched. With its bare stone walls and floor it is a twelfth-century room between two modern ones. Its one lancet window looks out on the lawn which was once the nave of the priory church.

Thus, with a ghost in one room, a girl in the other, and his man-sized Newfoundland mastiff in the third to chew up intruders, the master of Newstead lived a typically Byronic life which couldn't be matched in London, Bagdad or Monte Cristo.

As a rule not many details about the Paphian household staff at Newstead get into Byron biographies, and in fact, not many have been allowed to survive. But the story of Susan Vaughan may serve as a typical example.

Susan was a little Welsh girl, and Byron nicknamed her "Taffy." She

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Continued from page 60

probably came to Newstead in the fall of 1811 as a laundress, when His Lordship was beginning to "gather my little sensual comforts together" again after a two-year trip on the continent. Susan said she had "ever been a total stranger to Love," but at Newstead she soon learned about it. Her head was quickly turned by the master's evident liking for her, and she sighed with contentment as she ironed his shirts.

When he went up to London for a few weeks she wrote him fervent if slightly illiterate letters. "You, of course, have not forgot," she wrote "the night you come up to our room, when I was in bed—the time you locked the door. You woked the boys and ask'd George if he knew you." (Susan and Bessy looked after the valet's children.) "He told you he did, which he did indeed, so well that he as not let it slip his memory yet... now... he looks very earnestly at me, and says he: Why, Susan, have you forgot Lord Byron coming to bed to us? Ah, says he, by God, if you have forgot it, I have not yet. Don't you remember, Susan, me Lord putting his hand so nicely over your bosom?—The Devil may have George Fletcher, if he did not kiss you besides, and Bessy too."

But now that Susan was no longer a stranger to Love, she began to get pretty familiar with it. His lordship's handsome young page Robert Rushton, who had been Lucy's prize, seems to have got interested in "Taffy" to the point of misbehaving with her. Furious with jealousy, Lucy told the master. Then Robert and Susan quarreled, and he went back to Lucy, whereupon Susan in turn complained to Byron. "They are under the necessity of going into—R's bedroom," she reported, "so that they may not be disturb'd... It is nothing but 'Robert thy lad' and 'Lucy me lass.' I know still further, but you must excuse my saying... they may please each other, as I don't doubt but they do..."

The master was enraged at Robert, his great favorite, following in his footsteps—and poaching on his preserves. There was a fury of angry and pleading letters. Finally he forgave Robert, but Lucy and Susan were both fired.

Newstead was the vital factor also in the most amusing of Lord Byron's affairs. His poem "Childe Harold,"

Continued from previous page

published in 1812, made him the Sinatra of his generation. Its important effect on English literature was insig-

nificant compared to its effect on English women. By the fall of 1813 when James Wedderburn Webster, a college acquaintance, invited the poet to visit his home in Yorkshire, Byron was tired of fending off women and accepted.

Webster's wife Frances was a shy little thing who had had a sheltered upbringing. When she heard who their guest was she was terrified. Of course he would try to seduce her. She resolved on death before dishonor. She did not know that Byron wanted only a few peaceful days in the country. She also did not know that her husband's real reason for inviting his notorious friend was that he wanted to get himself a return invitation to Newstead, where he had discovered the Paphians and was eager to pursue the subject.

When the dangerous guest arrived, he hardly noticed the fearful young woman nerved to fight him off. When she finally realized he had no intention whatever of making a pass at her... she ran upstairs to look at herself in the mirror. "She began to think herself ugly, or me blind," remarked Byron. A few days later he was playing a quiet game of billiards with Mrs. Webster. When her husband left the room for a minute an academic question was put to the guest. "How a woman who liked a man could inform him of it when he did not perceive it?"

Byron claimed he had "neither the patience nor the presumption to advance till met half-way"; but when a lady had covered half the distance, he took no time at all covering the other half. He played this one for laughs. He wrote eloquent notes to Frances while her husband was sitting across the table, and she received and deposited them in her bosom when "the marito's" eyes were momentarily turned away. She answered them, too. She offered Byron her soul, which was all right for a start: "One generally ends and begins with Platonism," he observed, "and, as my proselyte is only twenty, there is time enough to materialize."

And sure enough, by six o'clock that night Platonism was already "in some peril." Frances had been reduced to heart-rending tears by the conflict between love and duty. Meantime the husband, who greatly admired his rakish guest, had drinks with him in the den and wanted to bet that he, James Wedderburn Webster, "wins any given woman, against any given homme including all friends present." (Webster also tried to write poetry, at which he

was an equally feeble imitation of Byron.)

Within a day or two Byron was sure he could easily carry the last line of defense the moment an adequate opportunity presented itself. But there was the hitch; at Webster's house there was no hope of such an opportunity. Architecture was on the side of busbands; a whispered word or a hasty kiss was the most that was possible. There was only one thing to do: Byron invited the Websters to come and inspect his Abbey. They were both quick to accept.

At Newstead things were a great deal safer for all concerned, and matters progressed rapidly. But although she was now hopelessly in love, Frances insisted that she *never* would survive her fall. At last came the sort of rendezvous only Newstead could provide. It was two in the morning. Webster was either snoring or rummaging about the servants' quarters, half a mile away. They were alone in a vast silent room, surrounded by equally vast and empty chambers. And here Frances at last capitulated: "Rather than you should be angry... rather than you should like anyone else, I will do whatever you please... I am entirely at your mercy. I own it. I give myself up to you. I am not cold, whatever I seem to others; but I know that I cannot bear the reflection hereafter. Do not imagine that these are mere words. I tell you the truth—now act as you will."

He hesitated. The Devil whispered it was mere verbiage. He looked at her, pale and tortured, close to tears. And he left her, the thing undone. Had a breath of celibacy from monastic days slipped into the night air? Had the Black Friar glided by unseen?

So the affair remained Platonic after all—the only one Byron ever had. When it came time for the Websters to leave, he and Frances parted with seething emotions, and both did a good deal of sighing at the moon for several weeks afterwards—for like a true Casanova, Byron was usually as much the conquered as the conqueror. But then they gradually recovered and remained friends for the rest of their lives, although they never met again.

These are only a few of the amorous escapades to which the venerable ex-monastery was host while Lord Byron lived there. He left it forever in 1816, when he fled from England an outcast from decent society because of a shocking rumor the truth of which is still debated.

Newstead, of course, knows the an-

swer, and somewhere among its weathered crannies may still guard the documents to prove it. But the poet was the last Byron ever to be master of the Abbey. Unable to administer the estate from across the sea, he sold it in 1817 to an old schoolmate, Major Thomas Wildman. Wildman, a millionaire, paid almost \$500,000 for it and spent another \$500,000 restoring it. He also landscaped the grounds and laid out several celebrated gardens, which are still something to look at in summertime. Newstead remained in his family until taxes forced it into public ownership sixteen years ago.

Today Newstead is owned by the city of Nottingham, and four times a day, once every hour from two to five, you will be shown through three or four of the main rooms by what must certainly be the most utterly hored guide who ever displayed a public monument. A lot of fun has been poked at British radio announcers for their imperviousness to excitement in reporting such things as prizefights, races and hall games—but they aren't in the same league with this fellow. Amid all that romance be, apotheosis of Britain to his fingertips, will draw in a tired voice "This is the room haunted by the Black Friar," and shuffle on stifling a yawn.

But as soon as his horse back is turned the silent echoes arise again, and the wainscoted window-seats are inhabited by feminine whispers and snatches of a rich low voice murmuring matchlessly perfect dialogue of love; while in his bare stone oratory the Black Friar glides silently brooding, and mutters dark curses on Byrons, romantic ladies, caretakers, and visitors.

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THE TUNIS DAGGER

Continued from page 7

and my wallet safe in an inside pocket of my white suit.

The clerk didn't give up easily. His own smile was canny. "You intend, of course, to photograph some of the shipwrecked sunken in our harbor?"

I looked surprised, almost shocked. "No thanks. I saw enough of that during the war. The Specific Area you've approved is for the clear water at the north end of the bay, near La Goulette. No wreckage there that I know of."

That made him happy. I thanked him and said I wouldn't bother him again and got as far as the door before he called me back. I returned to his counter resignedly, ready for more of the red tape he loved. I asked, "Did I forget something?"

"Rather it is I who have forgotten." He smirked and had me lean closer—bend closer, in fact, because I'm pretty tall for a diver. "This morning—before your appointment—a young lady inquired of you here."

This time my surprise was real. "Did she give her name? What did she want?" He shook his head. "Sorry but I don't know any of your Tunisian young ladies. This is my first trip since the war."

"But it is obvious!" he exploded. Then he went back to whispering. "You have made a conquest, m'sieu. She has seen you from a distance and now seeks a closer acquaintance." He gave a gusty sigh, redolent with mouthwash. "I envy your prospects. Although she was veiled against the sun, I knew from her walk and her voice that she is beautiful."

For a split second I was interested. But the permit in my pocket was more important than romance. I said, "Maybe so. I'm going to be too busy to find out."

The clerk sighed again, sorry for me. He had a right to be. If I'd even half thought about it I'd have realized that beautiful young women don't apply at the maritime bureau for their dates. Not even in Tunis.

I started the walk back to my hotel, too happy over the permit to notice the flies or the furnace heat outdoors. It was siesta time. I was one of a very few pedestrians and the only one wide awake. The shops were closed and slatted barricades of iron had been lowered over the fronts of the cabarets. It was the time of day in Tunis when ev-

erything shimmers and light comes from everywhere, from the sky, from the mellow white fronts of the apartment houses along Avenue Jules Ferry, from the brown robes of Berbers leading their donkeys home. Jules Ferry is lazy and wide and even the parkway down its center seems to give off a green heat during siesta.

Nothing had changed in the six years since I had wandered down this street for the first time. Except that the soldiers were gone. Six years ago the radios were crackling about the surrender of Rommel's Afrika Korps and I—as a civilian diver—had been flown to Tunisia to work on Navy salvage problems at Bizerte. No worry then about permits; just go below and make sure you came up again.

I stopped a moment at the crossroads of the city, where the Avenue de Paris cuts across Jules Ferry. A block to the west I could see the orange shutters of the little restaurant where I had heard the story of the *Glattoche*.

The man who told me the story was a Sicilian, swarthy and wearing the odds and ends of a naval uniform. He was very drunk that night and he wanted badly to talk. Somehow he had learned I was a diver and he was on fire with his secret. Another bottle of sour red wine opened him up completely.

He had been the purser of a German freighter named the *Glattoche* which, before the allied invasion of North Africa, had run between the African ports and the unoccupied zone of France. The Sicilian had supplemented his set pay with smuggling. He would carry gems and heirlooms of frightened French families to the comparative safety of Algiers, Oran and Tunis. This activity, of course, was unknown to his employers.

But the invasion had caught the *Glattoche* steaming into the harbor of Tunis. She had gone down under the first stick of allied bombs and the captain, a Frenchman named Lesirade, had been killed. To the bottom, also, went the contents of the purser's safe.

That was when I began to get interested, when he commenced bragging in a drunken whisper about what was still in that safe. "My most precious cargo of all. A necklace, my good friend. A gold chain with a pendant in the shape of a dagger. Five matched emeralds are set in the hilt and the

sixth is a strange long stone, cut to form the blade—so." With his finger he traced a diagram on the tabletop. "Very old."

"Who does it belong to?"

"To the only fellow who knows about it. To the rest of the world, the necklace is lost. To me—" At that point he had an attack of hiccups. When we had cured that, he told me, "The necklace is valued at ten million francs!"

I told him I doubted it.

But he wouldn't change his story. He had kept his secret for over six months, trying to find a way to recover the jewels. However, since he was an enemy alien it was impossible. I was exactly what he needed as a partner, a diver in good standing.

I laughed at him. By candlelight his proposition struck me as fantastic. When I laughed he sobered up somewhat and argued desperately. "At least think it over, my good friend! Think about ten million francs!"

To get rid of him, I said I would. "You'd better get some sleep. I'll think it over."

Satisfied, the Sicilian weaved out of the restaurant onto the blacked-out street. A moment later I heard the squeal of brakes and the scream.

Then I was standing over his crumpled body with a scared American truck driver gibbering in my ear. I didn't even know the Sicilian purser's name. He had called me his good friend and I was probably as good a friend as he'd ever had. At least, I was his last friend.

Think it over, my good friend.

The Sicilian was dead and I looked at his body and, God help me, I thought of nothing but the emeralds. Now I was the only person who knew about the small fortune at the bottom of Tunis bay. He had passed the emeralds on to me like an inheritance. Or a curse.

So I thought it over for six years. Easy to forget the original French owners of the necklace since the value of it and my exclusive knowledge of it seemed to make it my private property. The *Glattoche* hulk was otherwise worthless; it would never be disturbed—except by me. The emeralds were waiting for me. The green vision grew stronger year by year and finally I wrote my own death warrant by coming back to Tunis.

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

I had approximately those same memories every time I crossed the Avenue de Paris. A passing tram rattled me out of my daydream and I hurried on toward my hotel. I hurried because Tamman would be as happy to see the permit as I.

Tamman ben Achmet was a good worker and a lucky find. Diving calls for quick thinking above water as well as below. I had counted on hiring old Achmet ben Habib, the Arab who had bossed the dock workers at Bizerte. But Achmet, rich with his war earnings, had retired in state to Mateur. He had suggested as a substitute his eldest son, a brown-faced boy with a toothy grin. Tamman, son of Achmet.

I was in sight of the Hotel de Ville when a banging noise sounded through the heavy air, as if someone had slammed a door. I glanced at the buildings on each side of the street but the noise didn't come again. It might have happened in the next alley or a mile away. Tunis dozed on, undisturbed.

Hotel de Ville is on the fringe of the medina—the walled native quarter—a long block away from the Porte de France, the great horseshoe gate that separates modern and ancient Tunis.

I sauntered across the stone floor of the lobby which was cool and deserted. Here, for the first time, the general lethargy made me uneasy. It occurred to me how much of a foreigner I was in this African city. I did some unnecessary clattering as I climbed the stairs to the third floor, just for the sake of hearing some living noise.

I was whistling as I went into my room. I knew Tamman wouldn't mind a broken siesta when he heard the news. I stopped whistling.

Something was wrong I knew, but it didn't register at once. The one window in the room was up from the bottom to catch any stray breeze. In the corner sat the metal trunk that held my air pump. On top of that was my underwater camera, a property I had brought along as a front. I called out to the boy, thinking he might be hiding although there wasn't enough furniture to hide behind.

Then I saw my diving suit on the floor and began to get angry. Tamman knew better than to take that precious rig off its special wall hanger. But now it lay stretched before the window, completely assembled, even to boots, belt and helmet.

I had taken one step towards picking it up when the fear caught me. The perspiration on my forehead became a

cold band, tightening. I locked the door quickly and then moved around the diving suit to pull the drape across the window.

Because the suit did not lie flat on the floor. The canvas and rubber and metal was swollen in a grotesque parody of a man sleeping face down. The diving suit was not empty!

Tamman was dead. I knew that before I knelt and rolled the clumsy figure over. The suit was heavy with the dead weight of its lead shoes and loaded belt—and the boy within. The big bowl-shaped helmet rang slightly on the floor as it turned.

The glass of the face plate was frosted with webbed cracks. In the center of the circular plate a small hole was drilled through; the thick glass had not shattered under the impact. But it had not stopped the bullet, either. That had gone on, into the face behind the glass.

I squatted next to the dead boy for what seemed an eternity. My brain was pounding with successive waves of emotion I couldn't identify, all of them sickening. I had seen men die before but this was my first encounter with murder.

It was a purely automatic gesture, my unfastening the nearest glove. Tamman's hand was still warm. He had been killed only a few minutes before. I tried to remember the sound I had heard in the street, the banging noise like a door slam. That could have been the shot.

Some unknown person had been in this room just before my return. The murderer had come up the same stairs and opened the same door that I had, seeking Tamman. I couldn't understand why the son of my friend should be chosen to die. Death is always incomprehensible. I tried to understand and failed.

But with the return of that much reason, I commenced to recover from the shock. I began mechanically to remove the diving rig from my dead assistant. I am not callous but I have been a diver for a good many years and my first thought was that of a diver; protect the equipment. The other thoughts buzzed in my head, too. I had to tell Achmet, his father. I had to call the police. But I told myself it would do Tamman no good to be found in the suit and it would do no good for the police to take the suit into custody. Unconsciously I was still thinking of emeralds; without the suit there would be no emeralds.

Finally it was done and Tamman lay under the draped window clad only in

his loincloth. I suspended my diving rig carefully from its wall support.

Then I had a nervous urge to hide my helmet. The ruined face plate was a certain giveaway. But I couldn't think of a hiding place. And, to a suspicious eye, the big metal globe would be more conspicuous by its absence than by its presence. I compromised by setting the helmet on the trunk in the corner, facing it to the wall so the hole in the glass could not be seen.

Call the police. I had never dealt with the police before, not even in the States. And I wasn't in the States. To every traveler in a foreign country comes occasional moments of terrible uncertainty. And as I started downstairs to use the only phone in the building, I felt one of those moments. There is nothing worse than being a stranger, than being alone and at the mercy of a strange city.

THE police—as represented by Inspector Fresnay—appeared to be courteous and understanding. After Tamman had been taken away, I sat on the edge of my bed, trying to relax and yet keep an eye on Fresnay.

He lolled in front of the open window, not caring that his feet were planted where Tamman's body had lain. He had some sort of ailment that affected his breath and caused his polite questions to come out in gasps.

I thought he was an odd sort of policeman. His investigation had consisted of letting his thin stooped body drift around the room, his eyes never pausing to study anything in particular. He took no notes and spent a good part of his time in bullying his uniformed assistants. He wore a gray suit himself. With his unhealthy face and cruel mouth, Fresnay looked more like a racetrack tout than my idea of a public official.

He asked me if I liked to unlock the door when I returned to the room. Then he added, "Please do not tax your memory. It does not matter."

I told him I couldn't exactly remember, anyway.

"A foolish question," he apologized. "The gesture of using a key—purely habitual. Purely automatic. Forgive me."

By this time I was wondering if I had underestimated the Frenchman. I had to keep remembering that I was in a different country with different ways of doing things. Different kinds of trouble. Rattled, I repeated some things

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I'd said before. "When I saw Tamman had been shot, I went straight down to the phone. I didn't touch anything."

Fresnay complimented my commendable control. "Except that you touched the boy's wrist, naturally—to see whether he was dead or hurt."

"That's right. I forgot that."

"And you turned your friend over. Didn't you say he was lying face down? But it is unimportant. This is such a strain for you, m'sieu."

I could see I wasn't doing myself or the situation any good by explaining over and over. I said, "I have to send word to his father."

"Shortly. Your time is more valuable than mine as I keep forgetting." For all his fine talk, he took his time wandering around the room again. He ended up in the corner where he leaned against my trunk of pressure machinery. "This city—a woman by the old proverb. And womanly in that she generally uses a knife. So much of my business is in dagger wounds."

I tried to catch Fresnay's eyes, hold them away from the diving helmet that was now within inches of his elbow. I said something about knives being natural, with such a large native population.

"Exactly"—so far as any habit is exact. Cities have habits. He scratched his ear and dropped his hand onto the top of the helmet. Apparently, he was only cooling his palm on the curved metal.

I hoped he hadn't noticed me go suddenly rigid. I covered desperately with, "But Tamman was shot." It sounded foolish.

Fresnay didn't think so. This time he complimented my quick mind. "For an Arab boy—a knife in the marketplace. Thus, why a hullet? Possibly it was necessary to outreach a mere knife. Even a thrown knife—a method not unpopular in our narrow streets."

And his fingers lying on the diving helmet began to drum lightly. Fresnay appeared pleased with the gentle ringing sound.

I sat very still, keeping my gaze glued to his. I didn't dare drop my eyes to the telltale helmet. I had always prided myself on my poker face. I hoped it was blank now, with a hundred thousand dollars worth of emeralds at stake.

Fresnay suddenly returned to the window. Leaning out, he harked some French to an assistant in the street three stories below. I got up in a hurry, intending to move over in front of the helmet.

But he turned back too soon, apologizing for his interruption. "No shell, you see. After the deed—how many murderers pause to retrieve the empty cartridge? Very few in my experience. But no shell—not in this room. Where? The open window—but it is too high for your Arab boy to have been shot from the avenue below. The lost possibility . . ."

The Frenchman used unorthodox methods of investigation. He simply ignored the possibility of the weapon being a revolver. He had another unorthodox trick of being right.

I thought of all this much later. At the moment I was a perfect example of a guilty man—cold perspiration, labored breathing and everything. For Fresnay had finally cocked a curious eye at the diving helmet. And I felt for an absolute certainty that he was playing a game with me, that he had known all along.

He said something about my occupation being more adventurous than his. Then he ambled across the room and began to turn the copper globe away from the wall.

There was a shout from across the street. Fresnay bounded back to the window, leaned out again. Just as swiftly, I stepped over and blocked his view of the helmet with my body.

When he pulled his shoulders into the room, his cruel mouth was turned up happily. "Wheels turn!" he exclaimed. "Across the street—the hotel opposite. A vacant room facing this one of yours. Another open window. And my aide—stupid as he is—has found the empty cartridge!"

Then he stopped chattering and sucked in his breath noisily. He looked me over. "You appear pale, M'sieu Newport."

"Across the street?" I couldn't believe it, what it meant. "Tamman was shot from across the street?"

"A dreadful thought—premeditated death. You think of revenge? Naturally. I shall discover the premeditator. In time. I shall worry him a hit first. Let him think he is free—but never quite certain. In time, I shall bring him to justice. The worrying of him—that is my only pleasure. Death is too swift—hardly a punishment at all, do you think?"

I leaned back against my trunk of pressure equipment and felt the curve of the helmet against my back. I loosened my collar—limp as it was, it was beginning to choke—and said I didn't know. "I've never thought about death."

"Men of action—such as you—seldom do." Fresnay pointed a finger and begged that I believe there was no cloud connected with my name. I was to move about as I wished. Adieu—for the present.

It took me a moment to realize that he had gone. In a daze I locked the door after him and pulled the drape across the window again. Then, shut in hot dimness, I lay across the bed and tried to think.

Tamman had been shot from across the street. What Inspector Fresnay didn't know—maybe—was that the Arab boy had been wearing full diving rig at the time. From across the street, one face would look just like another behind the glass plate of a helmet.

I could hear the bedsprings creak beneath my ear and I knew I was trembling. Man of action, Fresnay had called me. And here I lay trembling from fear or anger, I didn't know which. I wanted it to be anger. Tamman had been murdered, yes—but by accident. His boyish prank of dressing up in the diving suit had cost him his life. He had gone down before the hullet intended for me.

Thinking, as I was doing it in that still room, didn't make my future look any brighter. I got off the bed and prepared to go out again. Keep moving, keep doing something—that was my only protection. Someone had decided to kill me. Since this unknown had failed the first time, he would undoubtedly try again. That's what I didn't want to think about.

The most dangerous fact was also the clearest. The emeralds on the *Glat-troche* were no longer my secret.

DOWNSTAIRS, at the high old-fashioned desk in the lobby, I wrote a message to Achmet ben Hahib, Souk el Arba, Mateur. The hotel keeper, Madame Michaud, took it with the tips of her fingers as if she feared the plague. She was a broad ox of a woman with badly bleached hair.

She took my money and assured me the death message would reach the boy's father by sundown. All of this too eagerly. I looked around the lobby and out into the street, thinking perhaps Fresnay had left a man to watch. But I didn't see anyone.

Madame Michaud asked, "Will you be with us long, m'sieu?" and I began to get the idea. She was staring at the big newspaper-wrapped parcel I had set on the desk.

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A boy had been murdered in my room; I was no longer a desirable guest. I growled at her, "I'll be here till I finish my business." As I picked up my heavy bundle, I added, "It doesn't contain a human head, if that's what you mean."

And I frightened her.

I apologized immediately and told myself to relax. Probably there had been a grim expression on my face which had scared her as much as anything. But—since Fresnay's visit—any question could set my nerves off. I particularly didn't want to answer why I was carrying my diving helmet to the ship chandler for repairs. Or how the face plate had been wrecked.

I was nearly to the street when Madame Michaud raised her voice. "I do not mean to betray a confidence, but mam'sel. . . ." I lost the rest of it.

A warning bell rang in my brain. I marched back to the desk and asked about "mam'sel".

Madame Michaud smiled weakly. "But—mam'sel who wished to surprise you."

A woman wanted to surprise me here. A woman had asked about me at the maritime bureau. My excitement in getting the permit had caused me to dismiss her first appearance—but then Tammam had still been alive. "I forgot about mam'sel," I said cautiously. "Was she here this afternoon?"

"Not that I know. A week ago, m'sieu. She inquired for your room number and asked me not to speak. But of course you have seen her since then. I have watched for her to return because of this."

She opened her fist and on her calloused palm lay a hair ornament, a small barrette of silver or some imitation. It was shaped in a common Arabic symbol; the outstretched hand of Fatma, daughter of Mohammed.

Madame Michaud suggested I return it as she didn't know the young lady's name. "Please tell mam'sel the barrette caught on her veil and fell on my floor. I did not discover her loss until my broom—"

She produced a gaudy handkerchief and prepared to wipe the ornament clean. I came to life and snatched it from between her fingers.

I said, "I'll take it as is, thanks," and grinned as if it were a joke. The hotel keeper laughed faintly, humoring me.

When I reached the sidewalk, I examined the miniature silver hand closely. I had snatched it in time.

Caught in the clasp was a single long red hair which gleamed in the sunlight. My maritime bureau "romance"—my nemesis and my death—was beginning to acquire a personality.

PUSHING toward the waterfront in a horsecab, the helmet bundle between my feet, I worked over what I knew. My veiled huntress was young, red-headed, French. If she were other than French, the maritime clerk and Madame Michaud would not have spoken so respectfully of her. My phantom also had a nice voice.

It put a little, hope back in me to face a more tangible enemy. It was hard to imagine a girl with a gun—but did she think I wouldn't fight for the emeralds? How she had found out about the dagger necklace. I didn't know. To learn that I intended to dive near the *Glattoche* would be simple for her. All she had to do was consult the application file at the maritime bureau, compare the Specific Area on my diving permit with the *Glattoche's* last position. To anyone knowing what was locked in the freighter's safe, my motion picture alibi would look as false as it really was.

So I felt more confident by the time I reached the Rue de Portugal and Ravelli's place, a ramshackle building one block away from the bombed waterfront. Antonio Ravelli, of Naples and New York, spoke the best English of any ship chandler in Tunis. A friend I could count on — except in money matters.

I waded into his shop through the piles of marine supplies and rang the ship's bell and called, "Hey, Ravelli — rise and shine!"

It was good to hear a strictly American voice answer, "Keep your shirt on, Joe." He waddled into view, short and wide, walking with a sea roll. I knew was entirely affected. When he saw me for the first time in six years he only grunted and said, "Hey, it's you. About time you paid me a call, kiddo."

The imitation confidence I had built up in the horsecab began to melt away. I had expected I'd be a surprise to Ravelli. I told him as much.

He snorted. "Not when all your girl friends keep coming in here asking about you. What you diving for this trip?"

Automatically I recited my piece about the underwater movies. He commented, truthfully, that I must be nuts to want to photograph such a dull bottom as Tunis bay. We kidded around about the old days but all I could think

about was the redheaded girl. Ravelli had been exaggerating, of course; he had seen only one "girl friend". I warned myself I mustn't underrate her. She was terrifyingly thorough.

I showed Ravelli the helmet and told him it was a rush job. "My permit's for five days. Can do?"

After he inspected the ruined face plate, he looked at me sideways. He wanted to know how it happened and I said I'd stuck my finger through it.

"You cut your finger, too. Here's some blood, kiddo."

I laughed that off somehow and we began to argue about how soon he could have the job done. He wanted to take two or three days. I tried to keep my protests on a light plane but I couldn't keep my voice from sounding as if my life was at stake. Because that's the way I was beginning to feel.

"I got to find some glass," Ravelli complained. "It won't kill you to wait. Get out and have a good time. Bet your girl friend's wasting a nice face behind that green veil."

Another glimpse of my phantom. I said, "She wears a lot of green. Sets off her hair."

But Ravelli couldn't remember what she was wearing the day she had asked about me. I had another idea. I pulled the silver barrette out of my pocket. "Ever see one of these before?"

He drew back in mock amazement. "Never in my ignorant life! North Africa's lousy with those little hands. They bring good luck."

I wasn't too sure about the kind of luck. I told Ravelli another lie. The emeralds seemed to have made me proficient at lying. I said, "I'm trying to find the girl friend's address. Now that I have the time, I figured I might trace her through this."

"One of those cases, huh?" Ravelli took the trinket and rolled it around between his fat fingers. "These hands of Fatma are thick as flies. But Tunis, kiddo, is nuts about trademarks. Every metal worker puts his own private mark on his goods. There—take a look."

I looked where he pointed. Barely perceptible on the back of the barrette was a tiny stamped figure. The head of a lion. "Whose mark is that?"

"How should I know? But if the girl's worth it, you can ask around. This is native stuff and solid silver. So it probably came out of the medina—from the Street of the Silversmiths."

That's how I became—temporarily—the hunter instead of the hunted. I had a natural desire to know the identity

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of my own murderer. I am no different from any other man; we are all impatient; I still would rather go meet my death than wait for it.

So I went into the medina, behind the wall into the vast noisy crowded area where the natives live. I walked, of course, since the streets are too narrow for wheeled vehicles. I jostled my way along the Rue d'Eglise, listening to the haggling of desert people in robes and Europeans in trousers, until I came to the silver bazaar. I spent the rest of the afternoon there, sitting on customer-benches before the counters of narrow shops, trying to put my point across in either Arabic or English.

The hand of Fatma brought me luck with the eighth silversmith. He was grizzled, spectacled and regretful. He admitted the lion head was his mark. "But I have made so many silver hands. One is like another."

My excitement died almost before it was born. "You can't help me?" I asked incredulously. "Don't you keep any records?"

The Arah plainly took no stock in such foolish notions. He was a silversmith, not a scribe. Wearily, I tried my last chance. From the plastic case which held my passport, I fished out the single red hair that had caught in the barrette. "Please look at this. The French girl had hair like this."

He adjusted the spectacles of which he was so proud. He looked and I fidgeted. "B'Araby!" he said at last. "I know."

"What was her name?"

He shrugged. I told him he had to remember. He told me to have patience, that he had sold to many. So I waited again while he polished his spectacles lovingly. Finally he said, "The name I do not remember. This I do remember. That day the girl walked with Sidi Olmsen when he brought the silver for her red hair. Sidi Olmsen will tell you her name."

"This Olmsen—where do I find him?"

The Arah was mildly amazed. "All Tunis knows of Sidi Olmsen. He lives where one should live who has taken such wealth from the sea. In the Souk of the Rich Men, below the palace of the Bey."

The Street of the Rich Men. I thanked him in both languages.

Like its counterparts anywhere on earth, the Street of the Rich Men

is a lonely place. Blank and endless, its sheer stone fronts rise close on either side of a cobblestone walk. Time after time the Street is arched over by passageways that connect second-stories of the flat-roofed dwellings. To search for a destination, as I had to, is like a bad dream, like wandering through a series of giant keyholes.

As the sun let less and less light down between the houses, I began to wonder if it would be smart to wait for a passerby—if one ever came. Loneliness won out; I walked on, inspecting each of the studded sea-green doors which open directly on the tortuous street. After countless more of the arched doorways I saw the sign.

It had been painted on the stone wall by an entrance and the letters had faded badly. Under a line of Arabic calligraphy was the name I wanted. Knut Olmsen.

I was a stranger in another world. I was even supposed to be dead. I had all sorts of weird doubts before I hanged the brass knocker. It was a heavy ring through the mouth of a fish. Another good luck symbol like the hand of Fatma that had led me this far.

Half of the door opened inward and an Arah houseboy looked out curiously at me. Seeing that young brown face—like Tammam's—my misgivings vanished. I said, "I want to see Sidi Olmsen."

The houseboy let me into the entranceway and I waited in a plain room lined with stone benches for watchmen. I had time to study my position but there was nothing to study. I could think of nothing to do now but meet my nemesis head-on. See how Knut Olmsen would react at the sight of me. See if my red-haired spy was here.

Since Olmsen's name had entered my life, I had begun to picture him as the person with the gun. This was not so difficult for me to believe in as was a veiled murderess. They were two people allied against me. The woman was probably the agent, Olmsen the boss. "One who has taken much wealth from the sea," the silversmith had described him. I wondered what could be his connection with the freighter *Glattroche*.

Some Arabic was hissed at my elbow and I jumped. The houseboy was back and I followed him through a baroque reception hall, warning myself to be careful—even clever, if possible. After all, I had gotten pretty deep into enemy territory.

The third room was an open courtyard where the houseboy vanished

again. The walls were inlaid with pale blue tiles and the sunset reflected from white marble arches. The tropical flowers were as bright as any I'd ever seen. It was a hiding-place from life, both tranquil and exotic, as only Oriental gardens can be. But I couldn't forget the green-grilled windows that seemed to watch my every move from the second floor.

A voice, very bland, said, "You come as a surprise."

He admitted it. He came toward me from the farthest archway, a plump middle-aged man with fading yellow hair. This was Sidi Knut Olmsen—he said to call him Mr. Olmsen, if I preferred—a mixture of East and West. He wore a long scarlet cloak over his European suit, embroidered slippers, the standard red fez with black tassel.

I knew he was my quarry, and I his, as soon as I saw him. He looked like a villain, unloved. His face was a bit too large for his body and it was as round and smooth and rosy as the features of a wax doll. I was to learn little from that face; its expressions were his masks of the moment and had nothing to do with his true feelings. My poker face was amateurish compared to his masks.

So we introduced ourselves uselessly and I pretended I was sorry to break into his day like this. I said, "But I have some property I'm pretty sure you'll be interested in."

"Why so sure, Mr. Newport?" He indicated that we should sit on a padded lounging bench. "I own more property than is good for me now. And I retired from active business some time ago."

We sat side by side and he waited for an answer to his question. But there is a difference between feeling sure a man is a murderer and calling him one. I was here to discover what he knew, not tell him what I knew. I changed the subject slightly.

I said, "The sea is an active business, all right."

Olmsen didn't mind talking, probably because he knew he was smarter than I. Cordially, he let me draw him out. He was a Dane and his native caution had made him deal with the sea by proxy. He had been a warehouseman, a shipper, for many years in Tunis. When the war came, he retired. He liked luxury, he disliked conquerors; so he withdrew to his garden. According to him, he was a sensible and happy man.

It made a good story, anyway.

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Since he was an older man, he began calling me Jim. He was mocking me with an enemy's familiarity. I sat and took it.

Suddenly he said, "Perhaps I'd better hear what you're trying to sell me." We were both pretending I was a smuggler.

"A necklace," I said and spaced out the words. "A gold chain with a pendant of six emeralds set like a dagger."

Olmsen smiled. The smile dropped down over his face like a visor. "Forgive my asking, but is it yours?"

That annoyed me. Probably because, six years before, I had asked a poor doomed Sicilian much the same question. I said, "Yes. Mine," definitely. Olmsen had night as well know I couldn't be frightened off. My emeralds, by right of salvage. The original owners didn't count any more. I wonder if all emeralds embody the same sense of guilt that this dagger necklace did?

Olmsen said, "I didn't mean to offend you. Mere curiosity—my only sin." I doubted that. He asked my price.

"Ten million francs."

He giggled. I didn't like it; a sound of amusement had no business coming from his waxy face. He said, "I'd never pay that. Emeralds always seem a bit cold to me to justify such high prices."

I said, "That's because you're a blond, Olmsen. It takes a red-head to wear emeralds."

His giggle trailed off as he dropped his mask for an instant. Behind it I glimpsed an aging man, tired of worry, and then he was whole again. I never did understand how I had struck into him so deeply.

"I see," he said. "Would that he the flattering story you hear among the bazaars? For myself, I don't care. But in justice to Lia you should know the truth."

I said I'd like to.

"Lia is my protegee. Nothing more."

He said it solemnly. "You see, I knew her father, a fine fellow for all his mistaken ideals. A seaman, Jim. He died during the war, leaving Lia an orphan. Don't you think it's dangerous for anyone to be alone and unprotected? Yes, especially a girl growing up in Tunis." All at once he looked past me and his false smile came on like a searchlight.

Then I knew our circle was complete and I turned to see my huntress. Lia Saint-Loup, as her name was given me. She had come very close to us without my hearing her. She could have killed me then and there. I was allowed to

live, I decided later, so that the memory of death might not spoil the pleasant garden.

I thought her voice was a little strained as she said she didn't mean to interrupt. She spoke faultless English in a rather husky voice. She used almost the same words I had used to Olmsen earlier and I realized she had been listening.

Olmsen slid a fatherly arm around her and insisted she join us—for my sake. We would all have tea together shortly.

I told her, "I wouldn't think of letting you get away now."

Dusk was gathering by this time. She leaned against the back of another bench and smiled down on me, calculating me. She wore white with a green gauze scarf belted at her waist. In the coming dark she almost gleamed, as phantom-like as I had imagined her. And that is how I met Lia.

Her hair, of course, was red—I had a sample of it in my passport case. Her skin, although well tanned, had a fresh innocent glow. Neat features, good figure, just another pretty French girl except for her eyes. They were green and slanted wickedly. She was the kind who could be angel or devil, whichever she determined. That was the dangerous thing about Lia—her determination.

I did not fall in love with her immediately. But already, with her smile, she was weaving her spell. "Tell me," she invited, "what dark deeds am I interrupting?"

I looked her over again, not too kindly. "We were discussing the high price tags on certain property."

"Why be so secretive?" Olmsen asked. To the girl he said, "Our American friend has something he thinks I want. Emeralds for you, Lia! What do you think of that?"

I couldn't have put it more bluntly myself. But Lia scarcely blinked. No actress could have portrayed innocence more beautifully. "How wonderful!" she exclaimed. Then she pretended to think it over and said, "But, Knut, I imagine the price is too high to pay."

Olmsen giggled and patted her hand in agreement and looked at me for appreciation. And that was the end of discussing emeralds except for a few minutes later when he caught me staring at Lia and remarked, "Jim, can it be that your priceless emeralds were nothing but an excuse to meet the young lady? Not that I blame you, understand."

I said, "If I'd known Mam'sel Saint-Loup lived here, I'd have come sooner."

Which is pretty clever, for me.

Meanwhile, I had learned nothing except that Lia studied voice. Shortly I found myself alone with her while Olmsen went to fetch tea and turn on some lights. It had gotten too dark in the garden to make out anything but shapes.

We kept silent until floodlights suddenly flashed on around the walls. The lights caught us looking into each other's eyes, two enemies. She held my gaze for an instant after the discovery to show she wasn't afraid of anything I could do and then she discarded me. With a yawn that was pure devilry, she began to roam around the garden.

I followed her. Intrigue has never been my game but I wanted to work on her during Olmsen's absence. "Electricity's always a surprise in these Arabian Nights places," I commented. "Sort of a jarring note, like streetcars or guns."

The mention of guns didn't bother Lia. She merely glanced around at the lights as if she'd never seen them before. Then at me the same way. She said, "But why not? Knut—like Aladdin—gets everything he wishes for."

"No. Not everything."

"Everything," she repeated stubbornly. "Look around you. He believes in living."

"So do I. The longer, the better."

She smiled for answer. Whatever she had in her mind was going to stay there. She wandered away from me again, touching the flowers with her fingers and watching them spring back into place. I wandered after her. Not, I realized later, because of Tammam or the emeralds but because she already had the power to draw me. Her spell happened to me that quickly; she was desire and death wrapped up in one irresistible package.

But I still thought I was leading her into a break. I said, "I understand your father was a sailor. We can both talk about ships."

A hydrangea stem snapped between her fingers and the blossom fell to earth. Her slant eyes met mine again. "I think not," she said.

We were still matching gazes when Olmsen and his houseboy returned with the tea. After it was laid out on a folding brass table and the tea—redder than Lia's hair—had been poured, Olmsen said, "Saha." I answered the toast with "Yatikasaba." Tammam's father had taught me that.

"Mr. Newport, are you staying long

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page
in Tunis?" Lia asked abruptly.

She couldn't meet my eyes that time. She was not as practiced as her partner and my presence was wearing her down. I said, "What I intend to do won't take long. Then I'll pick up my toys and go home."

"I'm certain I've disappointed you," Olmsen said softly. I supposed he meant about the emeralds although he didn't use the word. "However, that's hardly enough to discourage a man of your caliber, is it, Jim? I'm frankly puzzled just how you found your way here in the first place."

"An old friend of mine sent me around. Antonio Ravelli."

Lia's tea-cup smashed against the pathway and Olmsen jumped to his feet, startled. I nearly laughed aloud. I had frightened the girl and she had frightened Olmsen. Score two for me.

They apologized to each other, she for her clumsiness, he for his quick nerves. I got out my handkerchief and knelt before Lia, sponging off the hem of her skirt where the Arab tea had soaked the white cloth like blood. She flinched and I was clumsy. We generated our own electricity, being so near for the first time.

"You've been working too hard, doing too much," I told her. "I suggest you take a day off tomorrow."

"No," she protested quickly. She added, "I'm behind in my lessons." She had guessed part of what I had in mind. I wanted to get her away from Olmsen's house for a while. She was the weaker of that oddly-matched pair, more high strung. With her, I had an even chance of finding out how they had discovered the *Glattoche's* secret.

Olmsen gave the girl a smile of trust and played along with me. "I can't think of a better place for you to be tomorrow than with Jim. May I make a suggestion? Hire a car and drive across the peninsula to Hammamet. You know the spot I mean, Lia." He asked me, "Do you enjoy surfing-bathing?"

I said, "I practically live in the water."

Lia gave in to his orders. She cocked her head at me and said gravely, "I warn you. I may not be so entertaining as you suppose."

I said I'd take the chance and that I'd pick her up at ten. "And don't worry about missing your practice. You can sing to me. All you want." Neither of them understood what I meant.

I Came out of the Street of the Rich Men feeling successful. I had identi-

fied the pair that meant to murder me. I had walked in on them, given them something to think about and I'd gotten away with my life. I lit a cigarette just to prove my hands were steady.

Then I heard someone behind me. Nothing so definite as footsteps but simply the sound of a broken bit of pavement as it crunched under a shoe.

I put out the cigarette in a hurry and ducked into a side street. This was a poorer part of the medina, the flat buildings were lower, mixed Arab homes and bazaars shuttered for the night. The rising moon lit up one side of the narrow passageway and I hurried along the other side, in the shadow. I was sorry to be wearing a white suit. I was sorry I had underestimated Olmsen; apparently he hadn't wasted any time.

When I came out of the street I was in an open triangular area of bare paving. In California it would have been called a plaza; I didn't know what it was called in Africa.

All three sides of the open area were enclosed by arches, the columns striped with red and green. The bazaars here were enclosed, too, and nobody sat on the stone benches. In the moonlight the place looked like a classical arena.

I slipped behind the nearest pillar and waited. I didn't intend to run from anything I could oppose physically. I waited for the unknown behind me to pass, to go ahead of me into the open.

He did, a gray scarecrow figure who made no noise as he walked. He stopped in the exact center of the moonlit triangle to smoke a cigarette himself.

I eased up behind him. Before I was very near, he said, without turning: "M'sieu Newport? An unlikely meeting." Inspector Fresnay turned around with elaborate casualness. His breath commenced to gasp in and out in its normal fashion.

I said, "Yes, quite a coincidence in a city of two hundred thousand."

He was a poseur and he didn't care who knew it. The more of the world was in on the joke, the better he liked it. He operated behind the smokescreen of his own ridiculousness. "American cigarette?" he offered.

I said no. I was getting angry.

He had the gall to intimate that I had been following him. "Such a desolate part of the medina, too." Fresnay shuddered politely. "Do you have friends here?"

"I looked up Knut Olmsen. We have some business."

"Forgive me. I do not mean to inquire into private matters. Of course,

you met also his protégé."

"Mam'sel Saint-Loup. We spoke."

"To be sure. Lia Saint-Loup. That is her, ah, professional name. For the concert stage. Excellent voice—exciting future."

I said I hoped so. "What's her real name?"

"It escapes me," he lied. He looked around at the tall columns. "Gloomy route—the one you are following, M'sieu Newport. Where we stand was formerly the slave market of Tunis. Undoubtedly you know that slaves are not sold here any more—openly. The modern bondage is yours and mine. Slavery to duty."

I had a hunch that he was getting at something but I was afraid to ask. We crossed over to the Rue d'Eglise where there were still lights and activity. Fresnay told me that his laboratory had—with regretful slowness—finally identified the bullet which had slain Tamman ben Achmet that afternoon. It was a 9 mm. corto.

"About the size of the American .38, M'sieu Newport. Probably fired from a Beretta. A sturdy little automatic pistol—unfortunately accurate. A great many firearms come over from Italy." Until we reached the arch of the Porte de France, Fresnay discussed ballistics. I was glad for his company; he was a charming conversationalist when my liberty wasn't at stake.

We said goodbye and he came close to bowing. He said, "When the time comes—I shall find you again, m'sieu." I watched him turn back into the walled native quarter. Then he halted under the arched gateway and called from out of the darkness. "My memory is awake again. The young lady's name is Lesirade. A bien tot!"

I simply stood there, staring at the spot where he had drifted into the night. I could feel my heart hitting against my ribs. Lesirade! The shape of my emerald trouble had begun to change. Lesirade had been the name of the dead captain, the captain of the *Glattoche*.

(To be concluded next month)



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HAIR LOSS

ITCHY SCALP, DANDRUFF, HEAD SCALES, SEBORRHEA, EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief, has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called *Seborrhea* and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. **DRY SEBORRHEA:** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itching. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.
2. **OILY SEBORRHEA:** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — *staphylococcus albus*, *pitryosporum ovale*, and *acnes bacillus*.

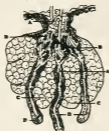
These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.



DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES Caused By Seborrhea

A — Dead hair; B — Hair-destroying bacterium; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous gland; D — Atrophic follicle.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better."
—Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."
—E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea."
—J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."
—M.M., Johnston, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."
—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."
—R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."
—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything it is not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair."
—T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itching."
—R.R.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much."
—Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

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